



EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company
Washington Union Coal Company

CONTENTS

	Page
The Sixth Drunk.....	379
Bridget	381
McLaren's Hill	382
Run of the Mine.....	385
Make It Safe.....	392
Engineering Department	395
Ye Old Timers.....	398
The Royal Scot.....	399
Of Interest to Women.....	408
Our Young Women.....	410
Our Little Folks.....	412
Boy Scout Activities.....	413
News About All of Us.....	413
The Office Broom.....	416

NOVEMBER, 1933

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EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY
WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY

VOLUME 10

NOVEMBER, 1933

NUMBER 11

The Sixth Drunk

To a Very Gallant Irishman Who Died in November, 1914

By "SAPPER"

The story set forth below was published in a British army monthly, a short time since. It first appeared in "The Lieutenant and Others", published in 1916, and like the story "Bridget", appearing elsewhere in this issue of The Employees' Magazine, should evoke an Armistice Day interest.

"No. 10379, Private Michael O'Flannigan, you are charged, first, with being absent from roll-call on the 21st instant until 3:30 a. m. on the 22nd, a period of five hours and thirty minutes; second, being drunk; third, assaulting an N. C. O. in the execution of his duty."

The colonel leant back in his chair in the orderly room and gazed through his eyeglass at the huge bullet-headed Irishman standing on the other side of the table.

The evidence was uninteresting, as such evidence usually is, the only humorous relief being afforded by the sergeant of the guard on the night of the 21st, who came in with an eye of cerulean hue which all the efforts of his painstaking wife with raw beefsteak had been unable to subdue. It appeared from his evidence that he and Private O'Flannigan had had a slight difference of opinion, and that the accused had struck him in the face with his fist.

"What have you got to say, Private O'Flannigan?"

"Shure, 'twas one of the boys from Waterford, sorr; I met him in the town yonder, and we put away a bit of shtuff. I would not be denying I was late, but I was not drunk at all. And as for the sergeant, sure 'twas messing me about he was and plaguing me, and I did push him in the face. Would I be hitting him, and he a little one?"

The colonel glanced at the conduct sheet in his hand; then he looked up at O'Flannigan.

"Private O'Flannigan, this is your fifth drunk. In addition to that you have struck a

non-commissioned officer in the execution of his duty, one of the most serious crimes a soldier can commit. I'm sick of you. You do nothing but give trouble. The next drunk you have I shall endeavour to get you discharged as incorrigible and worthless. As it is, I shall send you up for court-martial. Perhaps they will save me the trouble. March out."

"Prisoner and escort—right turn—quick march!" The sergt.-major piloted them through the door; the incident closed.

* * *

Now all that happened eighteen months ago. The rest is concerning the sixth drunk of Michael O'Flannigan and what he did; and it will also explain why, at the present moment, in a certain depot mess in England, there lies in the centre of the dinner-table, every guest night, a strange, jagged-looking piece of brown earthenware. It was brought home one day in December by an officer on leave, and it was handed over by him to the officer commanding the depot. And once a week officers belonging to the 13th and 14th and other batallions gaze upon the strange relic and drink a toast to the Sixth Drunk.

It seems that during November last the battalion was in the trenches round Ypres. Now, as all the world knows, at that time the trenches were scratchy, the weather was vile, and the Germans delivered infantry attacks without cessation. In fact, it was a most unpleasant and unsavoury period. In one of those scratchy trenches reposed the large bulk of Michael O'Flannigan. He did not like it at all—the permanent defensive which he and

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everyone else were forced into. It did not suit his character. Along with O'Flannigan there were a sergeant and three other men, and at certain periods of the day and night the huge Irishman would treat the world to an impromptu concert. He had a great deep bass voice, and when the mood was on him he would bellow out strange seditious songs—songs of the wilds of Ireland—and mingle with them taunts and jeers at the Germans opposite.

Now these bursts of song were erratic, but there was one period which never varied. The arrival of the rum issue was invariably heralded by the most seditious song in O'Flannigan's very seditious repertory.

One evening it came about that the Huns tactlessly decided to deliver an attack just about the same time as the rum was usually issued. For some time O'Flannigan had been thirstily eyeing the traverse in his trench round which it would come—when suddenly the burst of firing all along the line proclaimed an attack. Moreover, it was an attack in earnest. The Huns reached the trenches and got into them, and, though they were twice driven out, bit by bit the battalion retired. O'Flannigan's trench being at the end and more or less unconnected with the others, the Germans passed it by: though, as the sergeant in charge very rightly realised, it could only be a question of a very few minutes before it would be untenable.

"Get out," he ordered, "and join up with the regiment in the trenches behind."

"And phwat of the issue of rum?" demanded Michael O'Flannigan, whose rifle was too hot to hold.

"You may think yourself lucky, my bucko, if you ever get another," said the sergeant. "Get out."

* * *

O'Flannigan looked at him. "If you're after thinking that I would be leaving the rum to them swine you are mistaken, sergeant."

"Are you going, O'Flannigan?"

"Bedad, I'm not! Not if the King himself was asking me."

At that moment a Boche rounded the traverse. With a howl of joy O'Flannigan hit him with the butt of his rifle. From that moment he went mad. He hurled himself over the traverse and started. It was full of Germans—but this wild apparition finished them. Roaring like a bull and twisting his rifle round his head like a cane, the Irishman fell on them—and as they broke he saw in the corner the

well-beloved earthenware pot containing the rum. He seized the thing in his right hand and poured most of the liquid down his throat, while the rest of it ran over his face and clothes. And then Michael O'Flannigan ran amok. His great voice rose high above the roar of the rifles as, with the empty rum jar in one hand and his clubbed rifle in the other, he went down the trench.

What he must have looked like, with the red liquid pouring down his face, his hands covered with it, his clothes dripping with it, in that eerie half-light, Heaven knows. He was shouting an old song of Fenian days, and it is possible they thought he was the devil. He was no bad substitute, anyway. And then of a sudden his regiment ceased to shoot from the trenches behind, and a voice cried, "O'Flannigan." It passed down the line, and, as one man, they came back howling, "O'Flannigan." They drove the Germans out like chaff and fell back into the lost trenches—all save one little party, who paused at the sight in front of them. There stood O'Flannigan astride the colonel, who was mortally wounded. They heard rather than saw the blow that fetched home on the head of a Prussian officer—almost simultaneously with the crack of his revolver. They saw him go down with a crushed skull, while the big earthenware jar shivered to pieces. They saw O'Flannigan stagger a little and then look round—still with the top of the rum jar in his hand.

"You are back," he cried. "It is well—but the rum is gone!"

And then the colonel spoke. He was near death and wandering. "The regiment has never yet lost a trench. Has it, O'Flannigan, you scoundrel?" And he peered at him.

"It has not, sorr," answered the Irishman.

"I thought," muttered the dying officer, "there were Prussians in here a moment ago."

"They were, sorr, but they were not liking it, so they went."

Suddenly the colonel raised himself on his elbow. "What's the matter with you, O'Flannigan? What's that red on your face? It's rum, you blackguard. You're drunk again." His voice was growing weaker. "Sixth time . . . discharged . . . incorrigible and worthless." And with that he died.

They looked at O'Flannigan, and he was sagging at the knees. "Bedad! 'tis not all rum, the red on me, colonel, dear."

He slowly collapsed and lay still.

And that is the story of the strange table adornment of the depot mess, the depot of the regiment who have never yet lost a trench.

Bridget

Some eight months ago, we clipped the story that follows, from a British newspaper, laying it aside as a fitting Armistice Day sketch. Perhaps Bridget Frazer lacked the graces that make womanhood most attractive, and whether or not the Earl of Mar said the nice things about the widow's soldier son credited to him, this old woman's fine loyalty to her dead son expressed vicariously in the form of admiration for all youth, represents a lovely remembrance.

I SEE by the weekly paper they send me from home that old Bridget has died. She had fought her way, by dint of an open hatred of age, far into the eighties, that territory where death discovers so many pouncing-places. Nevertheless I can understand the writer of the paragraph when he says that her regular appearance in the clachan—whether on an errand to the general merchant or to visit a crony for the news or simply to take a dander—made the death as great a shock as if she had been a young woman in the tide of her beauty.

To avoid a paragraph in our paper one must be indeed modest in life and death. Bridget, I think, has won some larger chronicle, for most young men who passed through the clachan in the last ten or fifteen years met her, and if they met her they certainly remember her. She puzzled and embarrassed a good many in that time, accosting them with her open admiration, though if the young men had been brought up more humanely there would have been less bewilderment. But candour in an old woman too often struck on stupidity in young men.

The clachan has a foot in both Highlands and Lowlands. Fifty years ago one could have proved by ear the truth of an old saying that "on ae side o' the road they blether in Gaelic, whiles on the tither ye can hear them speak the douce Lalland tongue." That could no longer be proven. Bridget herself, though a daughter of the Gaels, had taken to the other tongue.

She lived alone in a whitewashed, thatched cottage, the gable of which butted into the street. A small pane under the chimney-stack reminded one of some fortified place and seemed a strategic point for the pouring of boiling oil rather than the peephole it was. The other windows and the door looked on to a narrow court. She would emerge at any hour of the day wearing some dress which revealed concessions to the season, to fashions of previous decades, and to her necessities and foibles. On summer mornings her favourite was a blue print dress, the front of which was protected by an apron of rough, grey hessian

tied behind with black tape. As she wandered down the street, her sleeves rolled above the elbow, she seemed only that moment to have left the washtub. Her face was small and like a piece of shrunken rowan bark. The blue eyes set deep in it were full of indomitable curiosity.

Often on these summer-morning excursions I have seen her stop a young man in the street. He may have been spending a holiday in the clachan or only passing through on his way to the Highlands, whither the chains of heather-clad hills upon our northern and eastern horizons would have drawn a heart of stone. Perhaps he had walked down the avenue of red and white hawthorn which led past the castle to the river and there watched for an hour the torrent of waters in the linn. At any rate, the ascent of the hill and our air would freshen his colour and call forth all the grace of his youth. He would be startled to hear a sudden word at his elbow.

"My, what a handsome young fellow! What a bonnie lad!"

Looking round, he would see this little wizened woman eyeing him up and down with frank pleasure, and if he did not turn tail and run she would continue.

"What a pretty fellow! I haven't seen a fellow the likes of you for mony a day. Oh, but it's bonnie to watch ye spanging up the brae like a deer on the hill! Whaur dae ye come frae, laddie?"

The "laddie," if he were not struck dumb, would tell her, and they would talk of that for a minute. Then she would reflect on him again.

"But I'se warrant some lassie will hae snap-pit up that handsome face. Dinna tell me the lassies hinna ta'en guid care o' that. I wadna think muckle o' them gin they didna. I've seen the young lads mony a time, and I've spier't at them about their mays. And aye there's come the day when I've watch't them step up this very road wi' a lassie grip-pin' intil their airm."

"Eh, to be young again!" she would cry. "Lat me tell ye, I didna sit and watch the monkey on the cross in my day." (Here she pointed to the weather-worn lion rampant upon the mercat cross.) "My folk wad swear that the price of my shoe leather for dancing would put them out of house and hauld. A' the lads ken't that Bridget wadna sit down at a reel. Wha like me could dance 'The Flowers o' Edinburgh' or 'The Duke o' Perth?' There was naeboddy sae trig amang the feet as Bridget. I've danced till the sun was keekin' out owre the Meikle Pap and the fiddlers drappit down frae whisky or weariness—ye could never tell which. But Bridget never

drappit. Aye, and when your great farmers socht some ane to gather the tatties or be a bandster ahin the scythe at harvest, it was Bridget again. Aft hae I drunken ale and aten bannocks in the lee o' a stook."

Then, if she liked the young man, she would tell him of her son. "Ye mind me on him," she would say. "Mebbe that's why I'm laying off to ye like this. He was a bonnié laddie, and all the lassies were in love with him for twenty miles around. But he's in that kirk-yard noo, whaur a' you bonnie lads as weel as us auld wives maun gang, only he was luckier than the lave o' his day and generation. He was wounded in France, and he died awa' in London. They brocht him hame here, and I had a letter frae the King about him.

"He was in the Gordons, and I wish ye had seen him in his kilt and his sporran wi' the twa tassels. He was standing ae day at the gable of the house, when the Earl o' Mar drove down the street in his carriage. 'Whatna braw soldier is that?' he spier't. 'It's the widow Fraser's son,' they tell't him. And the Earl said, 'I hinna seen sae braw a soldier as that afore this day.'"

Then suddenly, she changed the gentle wail of her tone and perhaps, if it were a Tuesday, she opened her hand to show the ten shillings she drew as a pension. "He used to bring me back two pounds a week," she would say sharply, "this is what they give me for him. Ach, it's barely worth it." With that she would turn on her heel and march up the street.

Bridget was proud of her son's grave as a house-proud wife is of her parlour, and every Saturday evening, her one truck with habit and regularity, she repaired to the kirkyard to tend it. She paid this visit all through the winter, just, as she said, to see that it was "snoddit," but no one thought she could be so foolish as go on the evening on which she died. A neighbour wondered why the glimmer did not appear in her kitchen window that night. They went with lanterns to the churchyard and there, screening their eyes against the whirl of flakes, they saw her lying in the snow at that trysting-place, as she had often called it, of auld wives, and bonnie young men.

—ROBERT KEMP.

McLaren's Hill

By KENNETH JAMES

WHERE the easternmost borders of Burma touch Chinese territory it lies, a gaunt massif thinly crested with pines, erecting itself unexpectedly from the plain which slopes down to the Mekong River. McLaren had taken it a year before from four hundred truculent Chinamen, who had established themselves there to deal with his

outpost, sole defenders of that line of frontier, before they descended on the rich plains of Shan-land. They had crossed the border and sent a message to McLaren that they were waiting. He had accepted the challenge joyfully, and covered the sixty miles which separated the hill from Keng Kha, his outpost, in three forced marches. The Chinamen, accustomed to a more leisurely warfare, had not expected the thunderbolt attack which McLaren launched the evening he arrived. They had broken under the onslaught of his seventy Gurkhas and retired across the border, badly mauled, but still defiant.

A Shan trader had brought a message to the British officer from their commander.

"Some day we will return and take the hill again."

McLaren had sent back his answer: "Not while I command Keng Kha."

Hand on a kukri hilt, he had sworn it in front of his men, both the ranks of the living and the bodies of his twenty dead. That was a year ago. Now the Chinamen had returned, and McLaren, emaciated, his head on fire, lay tossing on his narrow camp cot, and cursed wearily at the Indian doctor who attended him.

When news had reached the post of the impending transgression of the border, McLaren had unwillingly sent Cox, his assistant, with seventy-five rifles, to stop the invaders. Only inability to leave his bed had prevented him from accompanying the column, and he had fretted since the moment they marched down the rocky track that led from the post.

His voice, weak and angry, came now from the camp bed. "Blast you, doctor, why don't you *do* something? Those swine must be crossing the border now and making for the hill. Haven't you got *any* dope that'll put me right?"

The doctor, a mild Hindu from Bombay, answered gently. "There is nothing beyond what I am doing. It is a very bad attack of malaria. You must rest and not worry. Captain Cox will drive them off, you will see—they are only Chinese!"

He tried to speak jocularly, but the attempt was subjugated by anxiety for his patient. He had mentioned malaria, but he knew very well that his patient was suffering from typhoid fever, and that his condition was more than critical.

"Cox? Yes, Cox is all right, I suppose." The weary voice from the bed spoke again. "Still, it's not his hill. It's mine—mine, damn it! I *must* go."

A shadow darkening the door made McLaren look up. He raised himself eagerly on one elbow. "There's a signaller. Cox must have made contact. Quick, doctor, give me the message."

He snatched it from the other's hand and read: "Postcom. Keng Kha. Established position on the hill. aaa. Five Hundred Chinese. aaa. Expect attack at dusk. Cox."

McLaren sighed deep relief. "We've got there first, anyway, doc. The hill's safe for the time being."

Excitement had wrought on McLaren's fever, and as evening came he went into high delirium. He sang snatches of songs; curt parade orders came from him, and then he was fighting the battle of the hill again.

"Get that gun forward, Manbahadur . . . Come on, give 'em hell! . . . Worry, worry, worry, you little devils!" The doctor leaned over the soldier, grave anxiety in his mild eyes. Late in the evening the delirium lifted, and McLaren came to himself. "Any news, doc?"

The doctor quietly handed him a heliograph form. Only the gravity of the message had prevented him from suppressing it. McLaren, sick or well, commanded the post. He should know.

The sick man read: "Chinese attacked hill 18.00 hours. aaa. Driven back with loss. aaa. Our casualties 43. aaa. Expect further attacks shortly. aaa. Can you spare thirty mounted infantry? Cox."

McLaren's eyes snapped anxiously. "Forty-three casualties. My God, this is serious! Here, doctor—"

His voice was vibrant, the urgency of the occasion lending it strength. "Send for Subadar Dalbahadur Thapa, the Mounted Infantry Commander, at once."

An orderly darted away in search of the Gurkha officer, while McLaren tossed impatiently on his bed.

"What time was that message received?" he asked abruptly.

The doctor consulted the form. "18.30 hours it says."

"And the time now?"

"Ten minutes to seven," the Hindu answered.

"Nearly an hour since the attack," McLaren mused thoughtfully. "If they can hold on through the night, I'll see them through. Give me a pencil and some paper, will you?"

He wrote for a minute, and laid aside the paper as a quick step sounded outside. "That's Dalbahadur. Send him in."

The Gurkha officer stood stiffly at attention while McLaren gave his orders.

"The Chinese have attacked our column on the hill. You will take out thirty mounted infantry at once as a reinforcement, because the enemy are—holding their own. You must get there as soon as possible—there is no time to lose."

His voice weakened as suddenly as it had gained strength, and the next words came painfully from his pale lips.

"I am coming too. These men will accompany me."

He read names from the list he had scribbled a minute before. A violent start shook the grizzled old Gurkha; then he listened with a face of wood while McLaren read on through the list names—

twenty men who had fallen in the attack on the hill a year ago.

He finished reading and turned to the doctor. "Jot down a message, will you. Got the pad and pencil? Right. Take down: 'Cox. Hold on. Coming as soon as I can. McLaren.' Tell the signaller to get a lamp message through."

He sank back on his pillow, exhausted with the effort he had made, and his breath came in quick, gusty jerks. The doctor tiptoed away from the bed, beckoning to the Gurkha to follow. They consulted together in earnest voices.

"And now I'm going to get up." The words were almost a whisper, but with a mighty effort McLaren scrambled from his bed and on to his feet.

"You must not; you must not!" The doctor turned frantically and leaped towards his patient—too late. McLaren had pitched forward on his face.

"You have your orders, Subadar Sahib. Go, and go quickly," the Hindu whispered, as together they lifted McLaren on to the bed.

The Gurkha saluted the prostrate figure and left the room, gravel scattering under his feet as he broke into a run outside. Forty-three casualties an hour ago and sixty miles of broken country before his reinforcement could arrive.

* * *

"They'll be coming again soon, Jemadar Pahalan. Warn the men to keep alert." Cox spoke through teeth clenched over a bandage which he was winding painfully round a wrist smashed by a Chinese bullet. The Gurkha who stood beside him saluted and vanished into the darkness, to return a few minutes later.

"They are ready, Sahib." Cox glanced at his watch. Ten minutes to seven. His message for reinforcements had gone out half an hour before. The answer should be coming any moment now. A quick blinking of light miles away in the darkness roused him.

"Lamp message coming through, signaller," he warned.

The distant blinking steadied to the dot-dash of a message. Then a bush crackled beside Cox, and a signaller stood by proffering a form.

Cox read by the light of the shuttered signal-lamp. "Hold on. aaa. Coming as soon as I can. McLaren." "Now what the hell does the man mean—'as soon as I can'? He's too ill to move."

The puzzled officer translated the message to his jemadar, and was surprised at his confident reply.

"He will come, Sahib," the Gurkha affirmed. "I was with him when we took this hill, and he swore it then."

Cox was a dour and unimaginative officer, exhilarated by drink and fighting only. "Nonsense! He's too ill," he snapped.

His further speculations were interrupted by the flaring arc of a Verey light and a warning cry

from the section on his right flank. The Chinese were moving up to attack the hill again.

Cox was a brave man, but he groaned inwardly then. He had hoped for a respite till light and the expected reinforcement gave him a fighting chance. Sniping had accounted for seven more of his men, and his tiny force of twenty-five could not possibly withstand the hundreds opposed to them.

"Rapid fire, Jemadar Sahib. Pass it down the line," he ordered.

A staccato crackling broke out, pitifully meagre and inadequate. Now and again a cry of pain from in front indicated a man hit, but Cox thought grimly of the hundreds behind. The slope along which the Chinese were now advancing was covered in thick undergrowth, and a long, continuous rustle of bushes told the listening officer what the darkness kept hidden. It was a mass attack. The Chinese commander was determined that this time there should be no mistake.

Cox strained his ears. They were two hundred yards away, perhaps less. Crash—crash—crash! The crackle of the parted undergrowth drew inexorably nearer and nearer. Then the shrill blast of a whistle cut the air. An instant hush followed. The line had come to a halt; an ominous stop precluding their charge, Cox thought.

"Get ready!" he shouted.

"Sahib!" His jemadar stepped towards him, an unusual note of excitement in his voice. "Sahib! There are men down there on our right flank; our men, Gurkhas. The flank section commander reports it."

"Thank God!" Cox's relief was fervent. McLaren must have sent off a party long before he had received the message asking for help.

The jemadar had been listening intently. He looked up and spoke. "Our men are attacking, Sahib."

Cox heard English orders rapped out by guttural Gurkha voices, and the tramping of booted feet, so easily distinguished from the shuffle of the felt-shod Chinese.

"*Rapid Fire!*" The order came from below them on the right, thin and weirdly indistinct, and the shots which followed caused Cox and the jemadar to exchange a quick glance of amazement. The reinforcement was hardly two hundred yards away, but the reports were muted, barely audible like shadows of rifle-fire.

"Dud ammunition!" Cox muttered. "Or they've got a box of blank cartridge by mistake."

"*Prepare to rush.*" The order came again, and there was something eerie and unhuman about the voice that set Cox shivering violently. He stole a glance at his jemadar, and saw in the dim light cast by the signal-lamp that his stolid face was ashen.

"Come on, you little devils! Worry 'em! Give 'em hell, the sons of—"

Now the voice was unmistakably English. It was McLaren's voice, but it possessed that same strange, unreal quality that the other had, and Cox's exhilaration was damped by a quick, chill dread. Following the cry there came the scuffle of advancing men.

No sound had come yet from the halted Chinese line. Now the night was rent by a single concerted cry of pure terror, followed by the stampeding rush of hundreds of frightened men. The undergrowth crashed under the headlong flight as they surged round the brow of the hill towards their own frontier. Deliberate, slow, malignantly inexorable, the marching feet of a small body of men followed in their wake.

"A Verrey light. For God's sake, someone put up a light!" Cox found himself saying. The flare shot into the air, lighting up the ground below the hill. It showed—nothing.

"What did you see, Jemadar Sahib?"

Cox's voice trembled in spite of the control he forced on himself. The puzzled Gurkha shook his head, but Cox's runner spoke unexpectedly:

"I saw one man, Sahib. It was Setuman. my wife's brother."

The jemadar turned on him savagely, his usually curt voice pitched in a key bordering on hysteria. "Fool! Shut thy mouth! Setuman was killed on this hill twelve months ago!"

* * *

All night long the remnant of Cox's column, unmolested by the enemy, but subdued and quiet, almost like a vanquished force, guarded the hill which they had not lost, and yet had not completely held.

At early dawn thirty tired ponies, carrying men who had drooped in their saddles as they rode, approached the hill. Their leader dismounted stiffly as they neared Cox. It was Subadar Dalbahadur Thapa.

He saluted, and rapped out his report.

"Thirty mounted infantry, Sahib, sent by McLaren Sahib Bahadur. The Sahib would have come himself, as he swore he would, *but he died at seven o'clock last evening.*"

They met for the first time on the golf links, and fell to discussing their respective games.

"What kind of a game do you play?" asked one man.

"Oh, about 115," was the answer. "What do you?"

"About 112 on a good day."

"Well, let's shoot at a dollar a stroke."

That night the "115" man told his wife the "112" man was a crook.

"He made it in 78," was the complaint.

"What was your score?" sweetly inquired friend wife.

"Eighty."

Run of the Mine

The Shift in Public Opinion

ONLY a few weeks ago, when a number of coal operators were fighting against the adoption of a national code for the government of the bituminous coal industry, organized labor spent much of its waking hours in denouncing the insurgent operators. When the full pressure of the United States Government was applied, including the personal pronouncements of President Roosevelt, the code was eventually formulated and all organized labor endorsed same. Immediately a new situation arose, men who had been working for years under non-union auspices and with very limited voice regarding working conditions, receiving in many cases a totally indefensible wage rate, immediately set themselves up as greater than the code, more puissant than the Federal Government, and of course totally independent of their employers and the consuming public who pays the bills. This attitude of mind found expression in strikes, some of which doubtless had a foundation of justification, others totally without justification, those with even a scintilla of justification coming properly under the coal code which has ample provision for the adjudication of disputes.

It should be understood that the coal code provides ample machinery for the settlement of disputes. The code provides that:

"During the consideration of any such controversy either by the agreed machinery of adjustment, or by the Bituminous Coal Labor Board, neither party to the controversy shall change the conditions out of which the controversy arose, or utilize any coercive or retaliatory measures to compel the other party to accede to its demands."

In the meantime, murder, violence, and every form of defiance of the laws of the nation and the states have taken place, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Utah and New Mexico compelled to make use of the National Guard to prevent wholesale murder. The strikes have not been confined to the coal industry, but have extended to building trades, garment workers, cotton pickers, citrus fruit labor, and other industries. In numerous cases, the controversy was not between the employees and the employer, but between rival unions, the riots in Utah, New Mexico, Illinois and Indiana included in this classification. In Utah and New Mexico,

the National Miners Union attempted to usurp the field against the United Mine Workers of America; in Illinois, the fight has been carried on for some years between the Progressive Miners Union and the U. M. W. of A. The issues in four states have been wholly jurisdictional, but in the meantime every specie of abuse, blackguardism and violence has been directed toward the operator who doubtless would be equally happy "if the other fair charmer was away."

Labor leaders and representatives of the government have expressed the most forceful opinions relative to what was taking place; for example, Mr. Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, who has been an advocate of labor during his active life, recently made the following statement in connection with the controversy taking place in the nation's capital, between carpenters and iron workers, both organized but in separate unions, all however under the American Federation of Labor. These unions halted construction work on the Department of Justice Building with an argument over which should install certain radiator enclosures. Commenting on this situation, Mr. McGrady said:

"Unless the unions settle that dispute between themselves, and settle it quickly, we will go to congress when it convenes in January and ask power for the government to make the decision in cases involving federal buildings.

"That, of course, would constitute a precedent for the government later in asking the power to handle all such cases, whether they involve government buildings or not, so long as it disrupts business generally."

Mr. McGrady made the further statement that the contractor, anxious to finish the job in contract time and to prevent the further holding up of construction and delay in producing payrolls that amounted to many thousands of dollars, actually offered to pay both carpenters and iron workers, letting one crew stand idle, watching the job, while the other installed the radiator enclosures. It is hard to conceive that men intelligent enough to install a radiator would display the pitiful lack of responsibility shown by this situation.

General Johnson, in a public address delivered in October, in commenting on the mine strike situa-

tion, said, "The moment the code was made, practically the whole responsibility for the rescue of the bituminous coal industry and in some measure for the success of the N. R. A. fell squarely on the shoulders of John L. Lewis. The question was, could Mr. Lewis perform under his far-reaching agreement? In a word, is union labor a responsible instrumentality?" General Johnson made the further statement, "Make no mistake about it, the very foundations of organized labor are at test here and now. However, I find that a minority on each side, industry and labor, was threatening the whole enterprise. A minority of miners using force and violence in defiance of the union, was hampering the responsible leaders of the United Mine Workers, while a minority of operators have thus far omitted to accord the rights and privileges to labor which 90 per cent of the industry has conceded." Since General Johnson made this statement, the operators in a number of the districts have accepted the code and have completed contracts with the U. M. W. A. However, unless the integrity of the contract is recognized by both sides, and this includes the provision for the continuation of work and the adjudication of any differences that may arise as before mentioned, then neither a code nor a contract would be worth very much to either side.

Nearly everyone reads the daily pronouncements of the nation's chief philosopher, Will Rogers, the ex-cowpuncher, actor and writer, Mr. Rogers under the date of October 13, making the following statement.

"It must be terribly discouraging to Mr. Roosevelt, after eight months of hard work, to try to get people a job, to have 'em strike the minute they get it. It looks like if all these dissatisfied groups, instead of striking, would keep on working and lay their complaints before the government, with the proviso that if it's settled in their favor, they get the extra back pay. Labor has seen enough of Roosevelt to know he is in sympathy with 'em. And that in a government arbitration they will get a square deal. Help your company to start making some money, and when they do Roosevelt will see that you get a fair part of it. If American labor would work while their case is being arbitrated, instead of striking, they would have the gratitude of our president, and the sympathy of everybody."

Public opinion, but a few weeks ago with labor, has taken a sharp turn about face, the two cartoons published elsewhere taken from the daily press, indicative of this change in attitude, and unless labor, and this means every individual member of each legitimate labor organization, recognizes his responsibility to the established officers of his

union, to his employer, to society, and to the nation, the mass of the people who are after all, not members of labor organizations, will turn on even the theory of organized labor, passing laws of such character as will make it impossible for labor organizations to function. In the last analysis, a labor organization is a trust, and the American people have expressed themselves very clearly in the matter of abuse, created in the past by trusts and combinations. In substance, an organization, whether it be a union or a business corporation, must in this day and age, walk even more circumspectly than is required of an individual.

The Washington Wage Scale

THE wage agreement written between the United Mine Workers of America and the Washington Coal Operators Association, comprising but three companies located within the state, which took effect November 1, 1928, expiring June 30, 1932, was extended in 1932 to expire May '30, 1933, this after a protracted suspension of work had taken place in the Roslyn field, the mine workers at Tono continuing to work throughout.

In the latter part of May of this year, the Washington operators undertook to negotiate a new contract, the mine workers in the Roslyn field refusing to negotiate on any other basis than that of the six-hour day, with the result that work was suspended at the three union properties on June 1. On July 16, instructions were issued by President Sam Nicholls of District 10 and International President John L. Lewis to the men to the effect that they should return to work under the previous scale until the coal code was completed and approved. The mine workers at Tono immediately resumed work and have been working steadily since July 16, but in the meantime a radical element at Roslyn headed by Andrew Hunter, who was active in the legislative fight made last winter for the elimination of electric-driven machines in the coal mines, was successful in preventing the resumption of work in the Roslyn field, where but two properties exist, that of the Northwestern Improvement Company and the Roslyn-Cascade Coal Company. All of the non-union mines in the western part of the state continued in operation, producing coal at wages in many instances far below that provided for in the previous union scale. In the meantime, all of the heretofore non-union coal mines in the state had been organized by International Board Member Walter Smethurst, residing in Montana, and since July 16 and continuing until October 19, a persistent effort has been carried on by the more conservative miners, President Nicholls, International Board Member Smethurst and International

President Lewis to formulate a wage scale, securing a resumption of work in the Roslyn District.

A settlement was eventually achieved by International President Lewis establishing a provisional government in District 10, with Mr. Sam Nicholls as Provisional President and R. J. Francis as Provisional Vice-President-Secretary-Treasurer, this action made necessary by a recall election held in October, which was instigated by Mr. Hunter, the recall vote as first canvassed indicating a majority of but six against the continuation of the administration of President Nicholls.

As this article is written, on October 21, the Tono mine and the heretofore non-union properties located in the western part of the state, are all at work, work not yet resumed in the Roslyn District.

The men at Tono are to be commended for the admirable judgment displayed by them, obeying the orders of their accredited officers, their co-operation with their officials affording them almost continuous work since July 16, the men employed in the Roslyn field, conservatives and radicals alike, together with their families, entering the winter season in an impoverished condition, the scale now arranged for based on the eight-hour work day which is now uniform throughout the United States, with a wage scale based substantially on the provisions of the national coal code.

The conduct of the radical mine element in Washington represents but one more additional chapter in the history of mine labor mismanagement, a situation redeemed in part by the conduct of the more conscientious officials and the more intelligent and conservative element of the mine workers.

What the Recent Visual Survey Developed

NO PHYSICAL impairment can be more serious than the partial or complete loss of eyesight. With two perfect eyes, a person is equipped to care for his life and limb under most circumstances. When the sight of one eye is lost or badly impaired, one-half of this God-given asset is gone and extreme care must be taken to prevent the tragedy of total darkness that closes out the beauty of sky, field and mountain, and the faces of parents, wife and children.

The visual survey made by The Union Pacific Coal Company in the summer of 1933 covered the examination of the eye sight of 1,742 men. Of these, 436 or 25 per cent, were found to have 20/20 or normal vision, without glasses, the remainder, 1,306 or 75 per cent, suffering defective vision in either a minor or major degree. Among

the total of 1,742 men examined, a total of 593, or 28.3 per cent, were found to have major defects of vision requiring correction.

A total of 113 men or 6.48 per cent, were found with eyesight in bad condition, certain of the defects developed resulting from birth, others from disease, and the remainder from accidents suffered in boyhood or outside the mining industry after maturity, with a number properly chargeable to accidents in and about the mines. These 113 cases have been divided into four classes as set forth below:

- 1—Men who preceding the completion of the survey had suffered the removal of one eye and who were wearing an artificial eye. This class were seven in number, one of whom lost an eye while the survey was under way.
- 2—Men other than those in Class I who are either totally blind in one eye or who have light perception and projection only in one eye. Twenty men were found to be in this class.
- 3—Men who suffer poor vision in one or both eyes with or without glasses. Seventy-two men were found to be in this class.
- 4—Men who suffer from a progressive eye disease and who will unfortunately in all probability grow worse. Fourteen men were found to be in this class.

The results of the survey include 85 young men employed during the examination period, nearly all of whom enjoy 20/20 or normal vision. All of these young men were equipped with protective super-armor plate glasses before commencing work in the mines, and starting out with adequate eye protection, they will be able to escape the tragedies suffered by many of the older men.

The compulsory wearing of protective glasses seemed rather revolutionary to many of our men in the beginning. We do not feel that all the glasses are worn without some discomfort, but as fast as the fact is developed that a given type of frame is not adapted to a certain employe, steps are taken to correct the difficulty, and the men who suffer discomfort from wearing the "plano" or plain lenses (lenses without correction), will be given the privilege of examination with the view of supplying them with corrective glasses. All men who are wearing corrective glasses should have their eyes examined yearly, or even more frequently if their eyes suffer discomfort. It should be borne in mind that defects of sight in one or both eyes frequently become more acute. The

wearing of glasses when required is not a disgrace, such shows good common sense.

Brief reference was made to the visual survey then under way, when the writer appeared before the Old Timers Association on the occasion of their business meeting held on the morning of June 10 last, certain of the elder men privately expressing dread of the results of the forthcoming eye examinations. Assurance was there given our older employes that the utmost consideration would be shown to them in the event that the examination developed extraordinary defects in vision. A number of employes, some of whom were under 35 years of age, showed by examination visual conditions of the most serious character; for example, one man but 29 years of age was found to be capable of counting the number of fingers held up but two feet in front of his eyes. A corrective lens brought one eye up to almost perfect vision, it being impossible to do anything with the other eye. This man had never suffered any accident to his eyes but both eyes had been operated on for cataracts. The examination showed the possibility of making an improvement in the worst eye by a further operation.

Another man but 40 years of age was found with eyesight so bad that he could only see objects at five feet which should be seen at 200 feet, with normal eyesight, this man injured by being kicked in the head by a horse some years before. Corrective glasses were furnished and the employe was placed in a position where he will not be compelled to work alone and as far remote from danger as possible. Another man, 51 years of age, whose eyes also had been operated on for cataracts, was found with very poor eyesight, corrective glasses bringing one eye practically up to normal, the other one to fair visual capacity. Not a single employe was taken out of service, but the men with very inferior eyesight were moved around where they could be placed at the least dangerous tasks.

The most encouraging situation resulting from the application of protective glasses was the fact that not a single accident to eyesight has occurred since the wearing of glasses was made a condition of employment, a record that fully justifies what at the time seemed to some of our men to be a rather radical innovation.

Two Moving Pictures

THE City of Omaha has a population of approximately 225,000 people. A few days ago on coming out of a hotel, we noticed a crowd of women, some 500 in number, blocking the sidewalk,

waiting to get into a moving picture theatre. The title of the picture blazoned on the sign boards was "Sins of Love". One woman in particular stood out conspicuously. Her heroic size and ragged apparel seemed to suggest that she and the elemental vagaries of sex had parted company many years ago, and we were given to wonder why the "Sins of Love" meant more to her than a clean dress or unbroken shoes.

Scanning the advertisement of the picture in question published in the evening paper, we found that the picture was shown to "ladies" only from 1 to 4 P. M., and to "men" only from 7 to 11 P. M., the "ladies" promised a lecture on "how to hold your husbands, by a noted female authority on sex", the males also promised a lecture by a "noted sex philosopher" who bore the title of "Prof". As an extra and final inducement to the male "sect" a lecture by a "Mrs." was promised on the closing night. In other words, the show people figured that the last ounce of moronic curiosity could be cashed in by promising a lecture by a female to a lot of males, all on sexy subjects. So much for this picture, which we did not see.

A few nights later, a picture that we did wish to see very much came, perhaps for its last showing, to an outside theatre, away from the Main Street district. This picture, "Cavalcade," filmed from the play of the same name that ran for a year in London, was exquisitely beautiful, the acting by the principals, Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook, English actors, as well as that of their supporting American cast, was marvelously fine, character building throughout. Nearly all America saw "Cavalcade", and we hope that with every one who was fortunate enough to have seen it, there remains at least a few of the impressions that we carried away.

Passing the emotional crisis attendant on the "Soldiers of the Queen" boarding the transport for passage to Africa and the Boer War, an unholy conflict for which Britain was much to blame, who was not impressed by the mother's good-night to her infant sons who were aroused to see the New Year come in. "Peace and happiness to you, my darlings," were words that came from the lips of a woman who saw the changes that were even then coming over the world. Then was there ever a more exquisite handling of a tragedy that staggered the whole world, the sinking of the steamship "Titanic" which collided with an iceberg on the evening of April 14, 1912, with a loss of 1,635 lives, men, women and children. The scene portrayed by the elder son and his young bride, the beauty of their spoken words, with the faintly sounding music of the "Blue Danube Waltz" com-

ing from the ball room, was lovely, unforgettable.

Then there were other words, the husband who said to his wife when the World War was impending, "We have had wars before and the world did not break about our heads." To this the wife, who visioned the engulfment of her husband and her remaining son in a cataclysm that she could not avert, replied, "I fear that my world is not very large." Jane Marayatt was a wife and mother who lived for her little family—she had no flamboyant dreams of "a place in the sun."

The scene portraying Armistice Night in London, with the crowds surging up Whitehall and about the four lions that surround the monument to Lord Nelson on Trafalgar Square, was true to life, it was reproduced in every American city in some form or another six hours later. We have vivid recollections of Washington on that momentous evening. The closing scene, however, was the most dramatic of all. In the Marayatt home, the father and mother, with the second son lying with millions in the fields of France, were yet husband and wife, older yes, but loyal to each other, committed to carrying on. Throwing open the windows of their drawing room, they stood together as Old Ben struck twelve, ushering in the year 1933. Looking toward the great dome on St. Paul's Cathedral, which stands on Ludgate hill where pagan England once worshipped and where a church has stood since early Saxon times, this husband and wife seemed to vision the war dead, an endless host mounted on white horses, riding across the sky above the cross that surmounts the great dome. In the beginning, the cross shone darkly; then as the ghostly army continued to pass, it became illumined to become at last like burnished silver. As the vision began to fade, the Marayatts raised their glasses to drink a last New Year's toast, "to the gallantry and courage of those who are gone, to a new era of dignity, grace, peace."

Between the two pictures we have tried to sketch, there can be but one choice, that which is preferred depends upon the individual. The baseness of showing pictures of the class first mentioned rests in the fact that youth, with searching eyes and souls, suffer from them a degree of contamination that too often overshadows their whole lives.

Changes on the Rails

A FEW days ago, a very brilliant railway president prophesied the extinction of the steam locomotive, suggesting that the "Iron Horse", which has carried the bulk of the nation's traffic for nearly a century, will be replaced by some type of unit powered electric engine. We are quoting a newspaper editorial rather than the railway presi-

dent's exact statement. Perhaps, being a capable man, he did not so completely promise the early demise of the locomotive.

Whatever may have been the railway president's prediction, we are willing to take a chance on differing with him insofar as the passing of the steam locomotive is concerned. Any person who viewed the Travel and Transport Exhibit at a Century of Progress in Chicago, must have been thrilled to notice the tremendous advances made in locomotive design and construction as expressed by the comparisons between even locomotives of fifty years ago and those of today, and the locomotive is not yet a finished product.

Distillate engine-electric locomotive construction, with light, streamlined cars, such as are now under construction for the Union Pacific System, will fill a place in railroad transportation, but the steam locomotive will continue to pull the heavier type of passenger equipment, including mail and express trains, as well as the freight trains of the nation, and we are not sure that the success of the light distillate engine-electric train will not inspire our locomotive builders to put out an equally light and economical steam locomotive carrying, for example, a steam pressure of 500 pounds, steam translated into tractive power through the medium of compound cylinders, the cost of the equipment, fuel, labor and maintenance combined, as low as that obtainable with the distillate engine-electric train.

All of the mechanical genius of the world is not in the employ of the airplane and gas engine companies, and the next five years will doubtless bring about some extraordinary changes in locomotive design and performance. So let us who make our living by coal mining be of good cheer. Our job is to refine and improve our methods, meeting reduced costs with reduced costs, and improved service with improved service.

The National Miners Union in The Rock Springs- Superior Field

WE WOULD not be properly mindful of the welfare of our employes if we did not take cognizance of the recent attempts of the National Miners Union, who undertook to usurp the Utah and New Mexico coal fields by force, to undertake to dig into the Southern Wyoming coal field. We are told that these people coming in under the auspices of the International Labor Defense, a Communistic organization, held a meeting in the district, about 100 persons in attendance, a man and a woman organizer recounting the virtues of

the Utah and New Mexico campaign, thereafter attempting to take up a collection. We are further advised that the officers of District 22 and a National Board Member, who have been engaged in the work of negotiating a wage contract in Utah, came in for a substantial amount of abuse, certain irresponsible individuals, residents of the Rock Springs district, undertaking to support the accusations made against the District 22 officers.

The writer has maintained some sort of connection with labor organizations for more than four decades, continuously confronted with one noticeable condition, that is, no matter what attempt the elected representatives of a labor organization are making to carry out the policies of the organization, a few barking curs will invariably be found at their heels, this class of individual thoroughly satisfied in his own limited way of thinking, that if the job was turned over to him, he could accomplish a great deal more, this conclusion arrived at in spite of the fact that the majority of the critics have behind them a life's record of failure, unable to secure even a fair job nor hold same very long after such has been given to them.

The succeeding failures of rump unions to accomplish anything does not seem to prevent individuals in each organized locality from following each succeeding band that comes along, even if it plays the same old tune, this situation due almost wholly to lack of capacity to think the situation through, plus a desire to obtain a living by pan-handling or securing an organization job that does not require physical effort. The saving grace of the whole situation rests in the fact that only a fraction of one per cent of the laboring men in Southern Wyoming who interest themselves in new and incendiary organizations, have visions of taking over the field and the checkoff.

Prosperity via the Taxation Route

ELSEWHERE in this issue of The Employees' Magazine will be found a cartoon originally published in the New York Herald Tribune, this cartoon indicating the ease with which additional taxes are being created and levied.

President Roosevelt was compelled to warn the nation in a public address delivered a few days ago of the fact that the national government should not be called upon to do everything that everyone thinks should be done in the way of administering relief to both individuals and business requiring relief, the President stressing the fact that every community has its own individual responsibilities which it should, as heretofore, take care of.

To appropriate millions and even billions of public money with a horde of individuals at the receiving end clamoring for more, can not result in anything less than national bankruptcy unless government expenditures are eventually halted. To a very large extent, the theory of "get yours while the getting is good" is now uppermost in the minds of too many of our citizens.

Our Armistice Month's Stories

WE ARE publishing elsewhere in this issue of The Employees' Magazine three stories which bear a definite relation to Armistice Day. We trust that our readers will enjoy them.

The first story, "The Sixth Drunk," originally published in a British army magazine in 1916, is a story that tells of human weakness mingled with loyalty and courage.

The second story, "Bridget," is the story of an old Scotswoman whose son served and died wearing the uniform of the Gordon Highlanders.

The third and last story, "McLaren's Hill," was published a year ago in The London Illustrated News. We feel justified in reproducing the story inasmuch as it is safe to say that but few of our readers are familiar with it. This story carries a mingling of Celtic mysticism, characteristic of that race, whether Irish, Scottish, Cornish, or Welsh, coupled with the strange fatalistic characteristics of the Oriental, East Indian and Chinese.

We have saved the three stories for our November issue with the belief that the men who served in the Great War and their families will appreciate same.

The American Mining Congress Year Book

THE American Mining Congress puts out annually a year book dealing with "Coal Mine Mechanization," the 1933 book containing a marvelous collection of mining information on machine cutting, mechanical loading, electric drilling, methods of roof support and caving, together with every detail of mining practice, supplemented by voluminous statistics on mining and mining operations.

The Congress most ably represents the mining industry in all its branches, precious and non-precious metals, giving special attention to coal. It, unlike other organizations, does not favor certain branches of the coal industry, but deals impartially and intelligently with mine labor problems, whether union or non-union. Every coal operator should secure and make use of the 1933 Year Book.

Destroying Coffee

MANY people find it hard to understand the theory of destroying wealth to create wealth. Plowing in growing crops and slaughtering half-matured pigs, such as we have been doing, presents a new philosophy, but apparently others are doing the same kind of thing. A total of 3,050,124,000 pounds, or 1,525,062 tons of coffee, an amount equal to more than half the world's annual consumption, has been destroyed by the Brazilian government. At six and one-half cents per pound, the value of the coffee would approximate \$200,000,000. Much of the coffee was burned on locomotives mixed with coal.

The Value of the Church to Me

A young woman high school student in the city of Omaha, was recently called upon to write a short essay on the subject set forth above. Her presentation closely resembled the following:

MY CHURCH is of value to me in many ways. For one thing, it provides certain ideals and rules of conduct upon which I try to pattern my life; such include the basic principles upon which good character must be foundationed; for example, a respect for law and order, for the rights of those with whom I come in contact. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." The church teaches charity, consideration, humility. Few persons are capable of completely absorbing these teachings, but even the least susceptible of us are to some extent influenced by kindly words and an atmosphere of sincerity.

My church affords me an opportunity to leave the noise, the hurry and the discordant atmosphere that so greatly enters into our daily lives, for an occasional hour of meditation, of quietude, of opportunity for reflection. There I can listen to a well thought out sermon, interspersed with music, soothing, inspiring, joyous.

My church affords me an opportunity to listen to prayers, and to passages from the Scriptures written in language filled with love, pathos, sorrow, joy and imagery; all in English undefiled, each sentence a polished jewel, the work of centuries. Nowhere else can I hear words read or spoken that bear evidence of equally careful selection.

My church brings me, through the teachings of Jesus Christ, the transitory nature of earthly gain, it tells me that there is more to life than the mere living out of one's time; it teaches me that whatever one's fortunes may be here, there is

another life to be looked forward to, to prepare for, and to attain by rightful conduct.

My church, beginning with my early childhood, taught me the beauty and restfulness of a Sunday service (Sunday school or church), where I, with my family and friends, meet on Sunday morning, refreshed, cleansed in body, and dressed in the best we can afford. There we, after the service, meet our friends, and in a happy, receptive state of mind, our greetings are doubly kind, and we come away with an increased measure of self-respect and with a kindlier regard for our neighbors.

My church affords me an opportunity for service. If God has given me a singing voice, I can use it within the church for the betterment and well-being of those who come to worship. If I wish to teach the elements of Christianity to a few of the countless thousands of little children who hunger to hear the many beautiful stories that the Bible contains, then the opportunity is mine. Again, there is work for the humblest of us to do in the many charities the church sponsors.

In conclusion, I can only say that the fullest opportunity "for life more abundant" exists within the fold of the church, and this applies to all churches whatever creed they may profess, for religion when rationally exemplified, tends to bring out the best that exists within every human soul. As I sit in my church next Sunday, I would like to feel that you likewise sit in yours.

Armistice Day

On November 11, there will be held in Rock Springs an unique celebration, the opening ceremonies to begin with a dance on the evening previous. It will follow the lines of the famed International Day instituted by the Rev. S. D. Pyle, former Pastor of the Baptist Church, which proved such an outstanding success some six or seven years ago. There will be a costumed Parade of the Nations, a parade of ex-service men to Bunning Park, where a floral wreath will be placed on the World War Veterans' monument, folk dances in the afternoon, all concluding with a ball on Saturday evening. Archie Hay Post of The American Legion will have charge of the big affair.

NOT GUARANTEED

An angry woman rushed into the registrar's office. In her hand she bore a license. To the registrar she said:

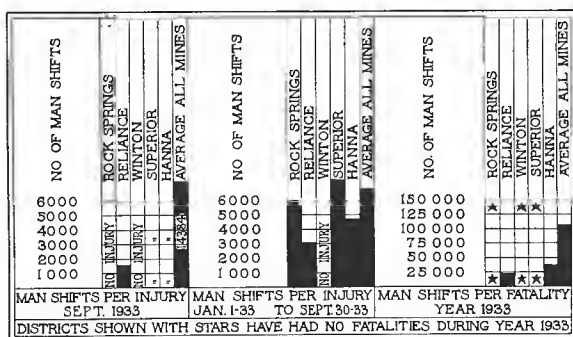
"Did you, or did you not, issue this license for marryin' me to Albert Briggs?"

"Yes, I believe I did. Why?"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" she demanded, "he's escaped!"

Make It Safe

September Accident Graph



SEPTEMBER's accident record consists of two injuries to workmen that could have been avoided, both by the workmen themselves, and, to some extent, in one case, by the use of a guard.

Both of these injuries occurred in a district which is at the bottom of the "Manshifts Per Injury" column, having only 3,089 manshifts per injury, and this is a mine that has probably the best mining conditions found in this field. It certainly is not too late for all of the men to get together at this mine and put to rout their old enemies "Accident and Injury", and have at least two more months of "clean records." They have done it before and it can be done again.

Winton still leads all districts with 35,499 manshifts worked and NO LOST TIME INJURIES.

Superior is second, with 10,760 manshifts per injury, Rock Springs third with 5,945, and Hanna fourth with 4,699 manshifts per injury.

Again, remember that only a few months remain of this year and working safely each day means a lot from now on, not only from the standpoint of being able to participate in the awards that will be given at the end of the year, but the main thing is one's own physical well being and happiness that are the greatest results of working and playing safely each and every day of the year. Remember also that as a rule the most efficient workman is a SAFE WORKMAN.

BY MINES

MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Place	Man-shifts	Injuries	Manshifts Per Injury
Rock Springs No. 4..	2,628	0	No Injury
Rock Springs No. 8..	4,920	0	No Injury
Rock Springs Outside	1,684	0	No Injury
Reliance No. 1.....	2,380	2	1,190
Reliance Outside ...	846	0	No Injury
Winton No. 1.....	3,690	0	No Injury
Winton Outside	899	0	No Injury
Superior "B".....	2,073	0	No Injury
Superior "C".....	1,935	0	No Injury
Superior "D".....	50	0	No Injury
Superior "E".....	2,154	0	No Injury
Superior Outside ...	1,314	0	No Injury
Hanna No. 2.....	585	0	No Injury
Hanna No. 4.....	2,000	0	No Injury
Hanna Outside	1,609	0	No Injury

PERIOD JANUARY 1 TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1933

Rock Springs No. 4..	19,971	3	6,657
Rock Springs No. 8..	32,771	8	4,096
Rock Springs Outside	12,658	0	No Injury
Reliance No. 1.....	17,920	7	2,560
Reliance Outside....	6,788	1	6,788
Winton No. 1.....	28,050	0	No Injury
Winton Outside.....	7,449	0	No Injury
Superior "B".....	14,032	0	No Injury
Superior "C".....	13,848	4	3,462
Superior "D".....	304	0	No Injury
Superior "E".....	15,208	1	15,208
Superior Outside....	10,409	0	No Injury
Hanna No. 2.....	5,573	1	5,573
Hanna No. 4.....	17,183	5	3,437
Hanna Outside.....	14,431	2	7,216

SEPTEMBER INJURIES

Name	Nature of Injuries	Cause of Injuries	Period of Disability	District	Mine Section
John Easton	Amputation of right middle finger at first joint.	Stuck finger into screw conveyor of rock dusting machine.	Est. 6 weeks	Reliance No. 1	4
James Sterling	Fracture of ankle bone.	Fall of rock striking leg and foot.	Est. 3 months	Reliance No. 1	3

BY DISTRICTS

MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Place	Man-shifts	Injuries	Manshifts Per Injury
Rock Springs.....	9,232	0	No Injury
Reliance	3,226	2	1,613
Winton	4,589	0	No Injury
Superior	7,526	0	No Injury
Hanna	4,194	0	No Injury
<i>All Districts.....</i>	<i>28,767</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>14,384</i>
<i>All Districts, 1932..</i>	<i>28,525</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>7,131</i>

PERIOD JANUARY 1 TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1933

Rock Springs	65,400	11	5,945
Reliance	24,708	8	3,089
Winton	35,499	0	No Injury
Superior	53,801	5	10,760
Hanna	37,594	8	4,699
<i>All Districts.....</i>	<i>217,002</i>	<i>32</i>	<i>6,781</i>
<i>All Districts, 1932..</i>	<i>234,041</i>	<i>49</i>	<i>4,776</i>

September Injuries

JOHN EASTON, *Motorman, Reliance No. 1 Mine.*

Amputation of end of middle finger, right hand. Period of disability estimated six weeks. John was pushing rock dust down in the hopper of a rock dusting machine while the machine was in operation. He shoved his hand too near the bottom and the middle finger of his right hand was caught by the screw conveyor that discharges the dust into the air stream of the machine. The end of his finger was crushed and had to be amputated at the first joint.

This was certainly an avoidable accident. It is the old, old story of placing guards over moving parts of a machine, later to have them removed by workmen who become injured because of the failure of having a guard in place. This is one time that a proper guard would have prevented a careless and thoughtless workman from losing part of his finger.

JAMES STERLING, *Bellman at Scraper Face, Reliance No. 1 Mine.* Fracture of ankle bone. Period of disability estimated three months. James was picking down loose face coal in a scraper place, when a piece of rock fell, striking his head and rolling down on his leg and foot, causing a fracture of one of the ankle bones.

This is another accident that was avoidable. An improperly placed shot probably loosened the rock and failure of workmen to inspect the roof properly and thoroughly is also one of the contributing causes of so many injuries and deaths each year from falls of roof.

Drive Carefully

A MAN who is killed in an automobile accident is just as dead as though he was killed in a coal mine. The Cheyenne Daily Tribune calls attention to the following safety commandments printed on the back of the envelope in which your license plates are delivered. These ten rules are worth keeping in mind and an eleventh might be added: "Look out for wet, icy and otherwise slippery roadways."

1. Don't pass on hills or blind curves—you might just as well drive blindfolded.

2. Don't challenge the right-of-way—if in doubt, take no chances.

3. Don't fail to signal all turns—the fellow behind you is no mind reader.

4. Don't cut corners—that's the other fellow's territory and he might claim it.

5. Don't cut in sharply after passing—the driver you pass hates the ditch as much as you do.

6. Don't weave all over the highway—your half of the road is on the right.

7. Don't come to sudden stops without signaling—rear end crashes are costly.

8. Don't lag in traffic—you have no right to delay those behind.

9. Don't take a chance with faulty brakes or tires—it's a saving you'll regret.

10. Don't be reckless at any time—you endanger not only your own life, but the other fellow's as well.

DO YOU LIKE YOURSELF?



THEN WORK SAFELY!

Standing of the Various Sections in the Annual Safety Contest

THERE were two injuries during the month of September, both of which were serious, and happened in the underground sections at Reliance. This eliminated the last "no injury" section from that district, and lost the men of Reliance their chances on the automobile and cash awards.

Twenty "No Injury" sections remain at the close of September compared to fifteen for the same period of 1932. In comparison with the periods ending August and September, 1932, the like period ending August 31, 1933, is 83 per cent ahead in

"Manshifts per Injury" and September 30, 1933, is 89 per cent ahead. Perhaps we can bring that figure to 100 per cent increase if everyone tries just a little harder. Remember, we are still planning for a "No Accident Month", and working safely is the only way this goal can be attained. Be honest with yourself. "DON'T TAKE A CHANCE", it doesn't pay.

The Outside sections had another "No Injury Month" and increased their average over two thousand manshifts per Injury.

UNDERGROUND SECTIONS						<i>Manshifts</i>	<i>Injuries</i>	<i>Manshifts Per Injury</i>
<i>Section Foreman</i>		<i>Mine and Section</i>		<i>Manshifts</i>	<i>Injuries</i>	<i>Manshifts Per Injury</i>		
1	Steve Kauzlarich	Winton	1, Section 4	7,940	0	No Injury		
2	Ben Lewis	Rock Springs	8, Section 2	7,924	0	No Injury		
3	Frank Slaughter	Winton	1, Section 2	7,606	0	No Injury		
4	Thomas Overy	Rock Springs	4, Section 1	6,275	0	No Injury		
5	R. T. Wilson	Winton	1, Section 3	5,608	0	No Injury		
6	Ernest Besso	Winton	1, Section 1	5,523	0	No Injury		
7	Grover Wiseman	Superior	B, Section 1	5,233	0	No Injury		
8	James Reese	Rock Springs	4, Section 3	5,136	0	No Injury		
9	Thomas Robinson	Superior	E, Section 3	5,136	0	No Injury		
10	Sam Gillilan	Superior	E, Section 2	5,055	0	No Injury		
11	Ben Caine	Superior	E, Section 1	5,017	0	No Injury		
12	Austin Johnson	Superior	C, Section 3	4,431	0	No Injury		
13	J. L. Orr	Hanna	4, Section 2	3,723	0	No Injury		
14	W. H. Walsh	Superior	B, Section 3	3,222	0	No Injury		
15	Roy Huber	Superior	B, Section 4	3,171	0	No Injury		
16	R. V. Hotchkiss	Superior	B, Section 2	2,406	0	No Injury		
17	Andrew Young	Rock Springs	8, Section 4	2,183	0	No Injury		
18	Frank Stortz	Superior	C, Section 2	1,913	0	No Injury		
19	John Adams	Rock Springs	4, Section 4	1,577	0	No Injury		
20	Clem Bird	Winton	1, Section 5	1,373	0	No Injury		
21	Dewey McMahon	Rock Springs	8, Section 3	9,652	1	9,652		
22	William Greek	Reliance	1, Section 3	6,435	1	6,435		
23	J. V. McClelland	Hanna	2, Section 1	5,573	1	5,573		
24	Ben Cook	Hanna	4, Section 4	4,395	1	4,395		
25	J. R. Cummings	Hanna	4, Section 3	3,824	1	3,824		
26	Clyde Rock	Superior	C, Section 5	2,910	1	2,910		
27	Clifford Anderson	Superior	C, Section 4	2,867	1	2,867		
28	James Whalen	Rock Springs	8, Section 5	2,355	1	2,355		
29	Matt Marshall	Rock Springs	8, Section 1	7,908	4	1,977		
30	Steve Welsh	Reliance	1, Section 2	5,885	3	1,962		
31	J. H. Crawford	Hanna	4, Section 1	5,241	3	1,747		
32	Eliga Daniels	Rock Springs	4, Section 2	6,983	4	1,746		
33	Jed Orme	Rock Springs	8, Section 6	2,749	2	1,375		
34	John Reese	Reliance	1, Section 4	3,745	3	1,248		
35	Adam Flockhart	Superior	C, Section 1	1,727	2	864		
Discontinued Sections				2,262	0	No Injury		
TOTAL ALL SECTIONS				164,963	29	5,688		
TOTAL ALL SECTIONS 1932				176,974	59	2,999		

OUTSIDE SECTIONS		<i>Manshifts</i>	<i>Injuries</i>	<i>Manshifts Per Injury</i>
<i>Section Foreman</i>	<i>District</i>			
1 Arthur Henkell	Rock Springs	12,658	0	No Injury
2 Port Ward	Superior	10,409	0	No Injury
3 Richard Gibbs	Winton	7,449	0	No Injury
4 S. L. Morgan	Hanna	14,431	2	7,216
5 William Telck	Reliance	6,788	1	6,788
ALL DISTRICTS		51,735	3	17,245

Engineering Department

Preservation of Survey Landmarks

AN ARTICLE appeared in the August 10 issue of *Engineering News-Record* in which a plea is made for the preservation of Survey Landmarks.

The preservation of "Landmarks" is of vital importance to the general public and the article "Preserve the Landmarks!" by William Bowie (Chief, Division of Geodesy, U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington, D. C.), should be given the widest publicity.

Mr. Bowie comments as follows:

A significant statement appeared in the report of the land-surveying committee of the Corporation of British Columbia Land Surveyors a few months ago: "It is a strange matter that every material thing except a surveyor's landmark seems to belong to someone. The accumulated cost of establishing landmarks in the past must be terrific, and yet no one seems to claim ownership to them or to take any interest in their upkeep or preservation once they are set."

No doubt the losses resulting from the destruction of landmarks, not only in British Columbia but in other countries, has been very great. In the United States millions of dollars have been spent in establishing the section corners of our public land surveys alone; yet how many of the monuments designating the section corners have been lost through the carelessness of man or the action of natural forces? For example, in highway construction section corners have been dug up in many cases, and often the witness trees and other marks that would enable the engineer to re-establish the section corners have also been destroyed.

CARELESSNESS AND TREASURE-HUNTING

The Coast and Geodetic Survey has, during its 117 years of existence, established tens of thousands of triangulation stations and level benchmarks over our land area and along our coasts. Many of these marks have been destroyed, some by erosion, others by industrial development, still others by carelessness or thoughtlessness on the part of engineers who were building roads or carrying along other engineering work, and many others have been destroyed by treasure hunters. In nearly every section of the country there are traditions that treasure has been buried, some of it by pirates and some by travelers who are supposed to have buried their treasures when they were attacked by Indians, and an obscure surveying monument in the form of a block of concrete

or stone has often led the finder to think that treasure was buried under it. It was dug up and the survey station was lost in consequence.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey and other federal mapping agencies are now using inscribed metal tablets for their survey monuments in order that any one seeing them will know just what they represent; it is surprising to note the greater respect that is paid these monuments by the construction engineers than was given the obscure monuments that carry no inscription. Some of the states have passed laws protecting federal survey monuments from wilful destruction, and though it cannot be said that these laws are rigorously enforced, yet they do furnish a certain degree of protection to the monuments. Far better, however, would be an enlightened public opinion regarding the value of the monuments.

It is interesting to note that landmarks have been the subject of legal action for thousands of years. Back in the time of Moses, 1500 B. C., the laws protected survey monuments. Moses commanded the Israelites to set up great stones and cover them with plaster as they passed over the Jordan into



Figure 1—Mason and Dixon Line monument near Delta, Pa.

the exact locations of his boundaries are known. His boundaries will be known if he has placed substantial monuments at their turns, setting the monuments in such a way that they are not likely to be disturbed by man or nature. He should, whenever practicable, tie in the boundary corners of his property to any horizontal control system that may lie near his land. The control survey may be a triangulation connected with the federal horizontal control net, or it may be a local survey based upon

the promised land. On this plaster should be written all the words of the laws in order that the people might know what these laws were. One of the laws was to the effect, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark, and all the people shall say Amen." Job, in speaking of the wrongdoings of his people, listed the removal of landmarks as one of the reprehensible acts they committed. Solomon in his Proverbs said, "Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set," and again he said, "Remove not the old marks."

These Biblical quotations deal with the boundary marks of private property. There is nothing that causes more trouble to the owner of a piece of property than to have doubt raised as to the exact location of his land. He may wish to sell the land and give clear title to it, or he may wish to raise money on it. In each case he must be sure that plane co-ordinates. In either case, if the spherical or plane co-ordinates of his boundary corners are known, then as long as two of the monuments of the control survey system remain undisturbed he can relocate his boundary corners with the assurance that they are correct.

THE SURVEYOR'S OMISSION

If the loss and destruction of surveying monuments of all classes in the country have cost enormous sums of money, the failure to monument survey work has cost probably more. It is surprising how much surveying is done in connection with engineering work of all kinds for which no survey monuments were left. The number of miles of traverse and leveling run in connection with surveying work of all classes, especially in highway location, cannot be estimated but the sum is enormous, and in most cases survey monuments are not placed as the work is done. The result is that a survey made for a special purpose cannot be utilized for other purposes. It is probable that a line of good leveling run through a county for a special purpose might be used, if properly monumented, in hundreds of ways for scores of years. But if the first line of levels is not monumented, another must be run when a second special project is executed.

There is no use crying over what is lost, but let us all see to it that some of the waste that has been suffered in the past does not occur in the future. Long-range plans should be made, and the result of the work that is done this year should be perpetuated for the years to come.

LOCAL LANDMARKS OFTEN NON-EXISTENT

The Coast and Geodetic Survey and the U. S. Geological Survey, in carrying on their national work, write to officials of states, counties and cities and tell of the routes along which they will extend triangulation and topographic mapping. They request data for existing benchmarks, triangulation stations and traverse stations established by officials

of the political subdivisions of the country in order that they may be tied into the national nets. Such connections serve to expand the control survey nets of the country at no additional cost, and enable local control surveys to be used in the topographic mapping, thus making it unnecessary to duplicate the existing control surveys. But in the majority of cases the state and local officials reply that they do not have any survey data of the kind requested!

This condition, obviously, is most unfortunate, for the lack of monuments on the original surveys means that the lines must be rerun, which costs money. The funds used for these resurveys could be used in making more topographic maps or control surveys if the original surveys had been monumented.

However, conditions are getting better. A few decades ago the property owner was loath to give permission to the engineer engaged on surveys to



Fig. 2—Boundary line Monument between Canada and United States.

enter his property for the purpose of setting a benchmark or a triangulation station; today he is glad to have such a mark on his land, for he realizes that the triangulation or traverse station can be used for perpetuating the boundary corners of his land and that the benchmark right at hand makes it possible for him to carry on more effectively work that may involve draining or irrigating his land. It may be that the engineers engaged upon public surveying and mapping were to blame for the destruction of many survey monuments; they may not have told the public just what they were doing and why. It is a very simple matter to carry the message to the public and let them know how the public surveys over their area will benefit them.

SET PERMANENT MARKS

Let us pay heed to the exhortations of the patriarchs of thousands of years ago not to remove the landmarks, and at the same time let us do what

they probably did—that is, establish landmarks. The landmarks should not only be put in but they should be of such a character that they cannot easily be disturbed. A small amount of concrete



Fig. 3—Bronze disk marker.

will make a mark, and to establish such a mark will cost an insignificant amount as compared with the cost of doing the survey work all over again. Elevations, positions, distances and bearings are the fundamental data needed in many projects. The results of control and boundary surveys furnish these essentials, but only if the lines are monumented and the monuments respected and protected.

A Peculiar Case of Electrical Trouble

By D. C. McKEEHAN.

I SHALL attempt to describe a peculiar case of electrical trouble that caused a small loss of production at No. 8 Mine, Rock Springs, and which was not thoroughly understood until a number of the workmen were questioned and the salient features brought out.

I am not aware that troubles of this nature have been published in the electrical publications especially where the load involved is so large.

In order for the layman to better understand the nature of the trouble, I shall mention some of the characteristics that govern the kind of equipment installed.

First: A three-phase induction motor, either of the slip-ring or squirrel-cage type, supplied with energy over three wires, will, if running, continue to operate, but will carry only 70 per cent of its rated capacity when one of the supply lines is opened. In other words, it operates on two legs or single-phase receiving energy over but two wires.

Second: A three-phase synchronous motor supplied with energy over three wires, will, if running, continue to operate at about 70 per cent of its rated capacity when one of the supply lines is opened and in addition will supply energy to the open line and will maintain a three-phase relationship in the three lines and supply three-phase energy to motors that may be connected between the break in the line and synchronous motor.

The mine is supplied with power from three 400 K. V. A. transformers receiving 36,000 volts and deliver 2,300 volts three-phase. The following apparatus is connected to the 2,300 volt lines: one 200 H. P. motor driving a fan, two 300 H. P. motors driving a slope hoist, two 125 H. P. motors driving scraper loaders, one 40 H. P. motor driving a hoist, one 300 K. V. A. and one 200 K. V. A. synchronous motors driving direct-current generators.

A mental picture of the foregoing consists of three lines which supply energy to the transformers and the above list of motors which are connected to the 2,300 volt lines leading from the transformers.

At one o'clock P. M., the large hoist was reported to be operating unsatisfactorily, although not out of order completely. The other motors managed to operate without serious difficulty. At 3 o'clock P. M., the motor-generator sets were shut down on account of excessive vibration. After the motor-generator sets were shut down practically everything ceased operation. Hoist motors that were pulling regular trips could not be started. The mine fan stopped at the time the motor-generator sets stopped due to the open-phase relay shutting off the current due to single-phase running.

The trouble was caused by a blown fuse at the transformers and undoubtedly occurred at one o'clock P. M. During the interval from 1 P. M. until 3 P. M. the synchronous motors operated single-phase and energized the line in which the blown fuse was located so that all motors received three-phase power from the synchronous motors acting as generators.

After the synchronous motors were shut down at 3 P. M., none of the motors could be started again as the supply was single-phase. Renewing the blown fuse remedied the trouble.

The Last Story

"SANDY" RICHARDSON, just back from a month's sojourn in England, tells this story. A wealthy Englishman, losing a great deal of blood in an accident, was rushed into a hospital, the doctors finding a blood transfusion necessary. A Scotsman offered to donate, receiving a check for twenty-five pounds from the patient. Later, "Scotty" provided material for the second transfusion, this time receiving a check for ten pounds.

The days passed and a third transfusion was found necessary, and the same Scotsman again came to the front. A month went by without "Scotty" receiving the much desired check, the man from the country north of the Tweed closing the account by saying, "Wa was meestaken in geing him more than twa doses of Scotch blood. He's na English noo—he is Scotch heself."

—== The Old Timers ==—

Group of Old Timers and Short Sketches of Their Activities



Right—Thomas Overy, Sr., Foreman, Mine No. 4, Rock Springs, was born at Grass Creek, Utah, April 29, 1888. Started to work for the Company in 1902 in Mine No. 2 at Cumberland, Wyoming, as a tracklayer. Holds a certificate as Mine Foreman, also a Bureau of Mines First Aid Certificate. Since his first employment, he has been out of the service for several brief periods, his last absence being from April 30, 1906, to October 16, 1915, being engaged in ranching upon the occasions noted. He returned to the coal game (his first love) at Reliance in 1915, transferred to Mine No. 4 at Rock Springs, from that property to No. 7, and again from No. 7 back to No. 4, thence to No. 8, and, as above stated, is now in No. 4.

Left—Benjamin Lewis, Assistant Mine Foreman No. 8, Rock Springs, was born June 6, 1878, at Randville, Ohio. Is a married man with four children. He began work for The Union Pacific Coal Company at Rock Springs in April, 1891, and has remained continuously in its employ. He holds a Mine Foreman's certificate, as well as a Bureau of Mines First Aid Certificate. He is a life member of the Old Timers' Association, his record showing 42 years in the service.

Four Generations

Here is depicted a photo recently taken at Hanna, representing four generations. It was snapped at the home of Mrs. James Fearn.



Front row—Mrs. Annie Tate of Hanna, and son, James.

Back row—Mrs. M. M. Packer (grand-daughter) and Luree Packer, great grand-daughter.

Mrs. Tate has made her home at Hanna with her daughter (Mrs. Fearn) for the past fourteen years, is a pioneer of Wyoming, having removed to the United States in September, 1888, from her native England. She first lived at Almy until the coal property at that point was abandoned, when the family was transferred to Spring Valley. When the latter mines were closed, the Tates went to Hanna, her husband having lost his life in the 1908 explosion. She has four daughters living: Mrs. William Crawford (Diamondville), Mrs. R. L. Bedford, Mrs. James Fearn and Mrs. George Penman (latter three of Hanna), and two sons, James, of Preston, Idaho, and William, of Hanna.

The Royal Scot

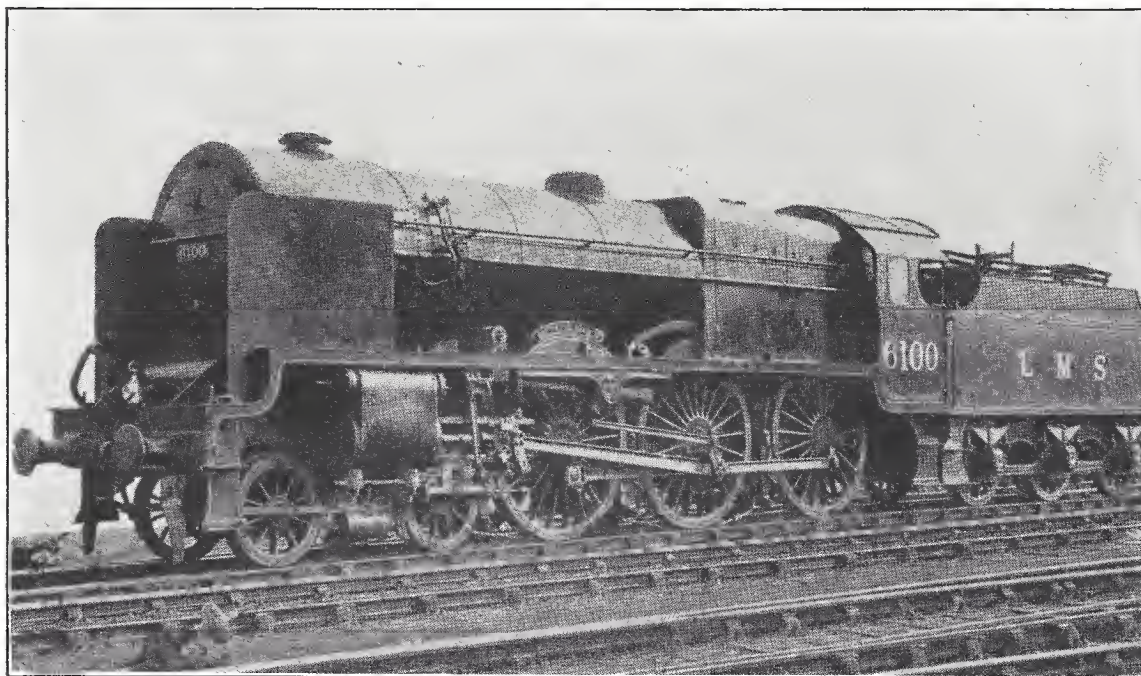
FOR the past few months, the crack British train, "The Royal Scot", of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, has been on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair of 1933, generally known as "A Century of Progress". A few days ago, the Royal Scot left Chicago, passing through Kansas City and Pueblo, arriving at Denver at 12:05 P. M., October 17. At every stop, the train and surrounding depot grounds were completely submerged by visitors, young and old, special provision made for the school children inspecting the British locomotive and her train of eight cars.

The Royal Scot operates between Euston Station, England, and Glasgow and Edinburgh, the distance from London to Glasgow 401.5 miles, to Edinburgh 400 miles, the journey requiring 7 hours and 40 minutes in the summer time, 7 hours and 45 minutes in the winter. The average overall speed in the summer is 52.4 and in the winter 51.8 miles per hour. On April 27, 1928, the Edinburgh and Glasgow sections of the Royal Scot ran separately from Euston Station to Edinburgh and Glasgow without intermediate stops, 400 and 401.5 miles respectively, the world's record for the longest individual non-stop run ever made. At the present time, both north and southbound Royal Scot trains run non-stop between London and Carlisle, 299 miles. The leading particulars of the engine and tender are as follows:

Cylinders—Diameter	18 in. (3)
Stroke	26 in.
Coupled wheels, diameter.....	6 ft. 9 in.
Boiler pressure, lbs. sq. in.....	250
Heating surface—Tubes	1,892
(sq. ft.) Firebox	189
Superheater	399
Grate area, sq. ft.....	31.2
Tractive effort, 85 per cent. B.P.....	33,150 lbs.
Wheel-base (engine and tender).....	52 ft. 9 1/4 in.
Length over buffers (engine and tender)	63 ft. 2 1/4 in.
Weight, light—Engine	174,552 lbs.
Tender	62,720 lbs.
TOTAL	237,272 lbs.

Coal	20,160 lbs.
Water (U. S. gallons).....	4,800

The Royal Scot is often spoken of as "The Train With a Tradition". For seventy years, without a break, an express has left Euston Station, London, for Scotland at her present departure time of 10 A. M., and as the "Ten O'Clock" she celebrated her seventieth birthday on June 1, 1932. Since June 1, 1862, when the departure time of 10 A. M. from London was standardized, the northbound and southbound Royal Scot express trains have covered



The Royal Scot.

between them 17,000,000 miles. On July 4, 1930, it was our privilege to ride the Royal Scot from London to Glasgow, indulging in a few minutes of conversation with the crew before the train left Euston Station.

To travel in The Royal Scot is to see a panorama of England and Scotland in less than eight hours. From the London terminus of the London Midland and Scottish Railway at Euston, The Royal Scot runs first through the northern suburbs of London with their industrial and residential colonies, including Harrow, whose famous School ("Harrow-on-the-Hill"), founded by John Lyon, may be seen from the train, swiftly leaving the city behind to climb to the summit of the graceful Chiltern Hills at Tring. Here the train, as she swings down the long grade to Bletchley, passes through the great Tring Cutting carved by George Stephenson through the hills—everlasting monument to the skill of a pioneer of world railways. On this section of line, too, she passes beneath the Icknield Way, a highway of the Ancient Britons, older than the Romans.

A swift run through the peaceful scenery of the agricultural Home Counties, with lovely old-world villages such as Aldbury, brings the traveler to Rugby, 82.5 miles from London, one of the most important railway junctions in the country and a center of the electrical industry.

Rugby's industrial fame is a recent development, however, compared with that of its famous school, which owes much of its great tradition to the famous Dr. Arnold. Rugby School claims a place in British history for other reasons beside its educational reputation; the classic *Tom Brown's Schooldays* is a story based on life at the school as it used to be, while it was on the playing fields of Rugby that William Webb Ellis, "with a fine disregard for the rules of football as played in his time" (1823), first picked up the ball and ran with it, thus originating the game of Rugby football which is such a serious rival to the Association (Soccer) code in Britain today, and which bears many resemblances to the modern American game.

At Rugby The Royal Scot leaves the original route of the old London and Birmingham Railway and bears away in a northwesterly direction to follow the undulating Trent Valley to Stafford (133.5 miles), skirting on either side the great industrial districts of the Midlands. Stafford is notable for its industries, which include engineering and the evaporation for salt-making purposes of the extensive brine deposits of the district, but the tourist will find that one of its chief interests is provided by the town's literary associations, for not only was Stafford once represented in Parliament by Sheridan, but it was also the birthplace of Izaak Walton, author of that immortal work, *The Compleat Angler*. The ensuing 25 miles of the L. M. S. main-line from Stafford to Crewe are rich in interest for admirers of the worthy Izaak, for the cottage in which he lived stands close to the

trackside hard by Great Bridgeford Station, while for several miles near Norton Bridge Station the line runs close to Meece Brook, from whose placid waters Piscator "drew both fish and inspiration."

Carlisle, 299 miles from Euston, is the gateway to the North. Here on the flat stretch of country that lies between the English and the Scottish hills was the last outpost of English strength in the days when Scot and Englishman were deadly enemies; here was the great stronghold round whose walls border-riever and cattle-thieves waged fierce guerilla warfare with the king's men. Nature made Carlisle a bulwark against aggression and a security for burgher and peasant; here in the days of the Spanish Armada the blazing beacon on Skiddaw called citizens to arms.

A few miles out of Carlisle and the train crosses over the Border into Scotland, in which country the first station is Gretna—scene of many a romantic runaway marriage, for it is here that the ancient smithy stands, Mecca of eloping couples through more generations than the historian can record. Beyond the summit the train races down through green hills amidst which is the source of the mighty River Clyde, here revealing itself as a timid Scottish burn, so small it seems incredible that this is the beginning of that vast stream to be



The Route of The Royal Scot Express from Euston Station, London, to Glasgow and Edinburgh.

seen later at Glasgow and Greenock, on which great liners and battleships have been launched for their first trip to blue water.

At Symington, 366 miles from Euston, The Royal Scot makes her last halt before reaching journey's end, the Edinburgh portion being detached to go eastward as a separate train, while the Glasgow portion turns westward at the nearby junction of Carstairs. The approaches to these two great cities are as dissimilar as their own characters. The train reaches Glasgow gradually, through the industrial districts of Rutherglen and Wishaw, while after a fast run through quiet country Edinburgh with her towering hills comes upon the traveler with bewildering suddenness, so that almost before its proximity is realized, The Royal Scot has come to rest within bow-shot of the mighty castle walls.

In the old days, many of our American locomotives were known by names rather than numbers, the locomotive "General" of Civil War fame, which was on exhibition at the Chicago Fair, an example. An amazing variety of nomenclature is today found in the list of named locomotives on the L. M. S. Railway. There are Royalty, mountains, birds, poets, authors, names famous in legend and history, and many others too numerous to classify.

Of the seventy locomotives of the Royal Scot type, forty-three are named after famous British regiments. Taking her name from the 1st Foot, the oldest regiment in the British army, Royal Scot inherits from that unit, now nearly 300 years old, the motto "Nemo me impune lacessit," which, translating into the vernacular of our time, advises those who would oppose her to look for trouble, a motto eminently suitable to both regiment and locomotive alike.

What more suitable sentence could, for instance, be devised for a 142-ton locomotive than that which is proudly displayed on the coat of arms of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the names of engines Nos. 6120 and 6118—"Nec aspera terrent?" Neither soldier nor engine will allow rough going to impede his progress. Could not locomotive No. 6114 proudly claim to share with the Coldstream the vaunt of "Nulli secundus?" These locomotives may share, too, with perfect propriety, not only the regimental mottoes but the regimental nicknames as well. Thus Sherwood Forester becomes "Old Stubborn," and Grenadier Guardsman becomes "Coalheaver."

To write the history of each of the regiments whose names are borne by Royal Scot engines would be to write nearly the whole history of England for the last 300 years. We should have to tell of Waterloo, and Balaklava, where The Royal Scots Greys set a standard of courage for all time; we should have to follow the red plumed and ostrich feathered bonnets of the Black Watch through the Battle of Alexandria and with Sir John Moore at Corunna; we should have to fight anew

at Blenheim and the Boyne with the Royal Welch Fusiliers—"The 23rd", whose record is one of the most distinguished in the British Army; we should have to be "everywhere" with the Royal Engineers—for "Ubique" is their motto. We should have to write of deeds of daring and fortitude that make the wildest fiction dull reading. The Lancashire Fusiliers, The Highland Light Infantry, The Irish Guards and the Welsh Guards—these names are interwoven in the history of the British Isles.

We are wondering if the day will not come when the Union Pacific will decide to decorate its magnificent 7,000 class of passenger locomotives with duco colors, adding in this way the one note of distinction which these marvelous locomotives lack. On the evening of October 17, The Royal Scot with her train left the Denver station, headed for Los Angeles, thereafter to continue her journey to Vancouver, B. C., and thence across our sister empire to the north, Canada, from Vancouver to Montreal, where the locomotive and train will be loaded on a Canadian Pacific steamship for return to her native country.

Necessarily, we are anxious as to how the British locomotive would function while using Rock Springs coal, no difficulty encountered, although a little delay was experienced, not because of fuel, but lack of tractive power in climbing Sherman Hill. At Laramie, Walter Brown, locomotive engineer, the son of a L. M. S. Railway engine driver, as the engineers are called in Great Britain, together with James O'Reill, another Union Pacific engineer who was serving as fireman, boarded the Scot, to render assistance to the British crew who had labored almost continuously between Chicago and Denver. Brown and O'Reill brought to The Royal Scot two pair of American manufactured gauntlet gloves for presentation to William Culbertson, engineer, and J. Jackson, fireman, Mr. Brown explaining the gift with the statement that "these bally Englishmen don't know what a good glove is." In this statement, Mr. O'Reill, who had formerly served as an employe of the L. M. S. Railway, joined heartily, and it might be said that British met British on the deck of The Royal Scot in the town of Laramie.

We will venture to say that the entire crew of Britishers in charge of The Royal Scot and her train will reach their native land with a new conception of America, its vast distances, including fertile plains, wide deserts, and marvelous mountain scenery, with every variation of climate, and the millions of Americans who were privileged to walk through The Royal Scot train between Chicago and the Canadian line will carry away happy memories of the marvelously constructed locomotive and train, "The Train With a Tradition," born with the habit of delivering the goods.

We are indebted to the L. M. S. Railway publication, "The Story of The Royal Scot," for the history of Britain's famous crack train.

A Warning to Organized Labor

We have lifted this article just as published in The Mining Congress Journal, October, 1933, issue. Mr. Callbreath's words come from the heart of a man who has served the mining industry for a lifetime. They read like a chapter from the Old Testament.

IT is but human that organized labor shall take advantage of Section 7(a) of the National Recovery Act. It opens a door to extended influence which in turn opens two doors—one to increased usefulness, and one to increased inefficiency and strife.

Collective bargaining will be accepted by all and welcomed by many employers; but, not collective bargaining as interpreted by organized labor, which means the closed shop in which only labor union members may be employed. This interpretation is wrong in principle. It is a denial of the right of every citizen to sell what he has to sell, without restraint or condition, whether it be his labor or the product of his labor. Membership in any lodge, church or union should not be required as a condition of employment. It should be his right to bargain for himself or to choose another to bargain for him. It should be his right to perform his personal agreement without restraint. This right the closed shop denies.

It is at this point that organized labor forsakes fairness and sows the seed which may lead to its own destruction. The mutual dependence of capital and labor is a fact. Unemployed capital earns nothing. As a rule its employment is impossible without labor. Collective bargaining between them is necessary to the welfare of both. But, for capital to say to labor, "you will work for me on my terms or you won't work for me or anybody else," or, for labor to say to capital, "you will employ me on my terms or you will not be allowed to employ anybody else," is not collective bargaining. It is collective extortion.

The writer believes in organized labor. But, he believes in the open shop as a necessary basis of proper industrial relations. He believes that extortion, collective or otherwise, is un-American, a menace to our industrial life, and to our government, and that strife will ensue so long as it is tolerated. He believes that complete control by labor will bring about a revulsion of public sentiment which will either destroy organized labor or create a necessity for its control by government.

Organized labor may well consider conditions in Germany and Italy. It may well consider the stagnation and lack of employment which labor control brought to Great Britain. It must recognize that a bargain, collective or otherwise, is a meeting of minds, and is not legally enforceable if coercion exerts any influence in reaching the agreement. Minds must come together, must agree.

Labor will serve itself best if it contents itself in performing its part in the scheme of industrial production and leaves to capital its right to earn interest, and to management, its function of executive control.

Labor is helpless by itself. The present business depression illustrated most completely its helplessness. Unemployment and its necessary associates, hunger, want and despair, result from disorganization of business enterprise, which is made up of three parts—capital, management, and labor. Each must content itself with its share, if prosperity is to ensue for all. When labor undertakes to control management, inefficiency begins. To the extent that its control increases, waste increases and waste always means want. This want is first felt by labor. When capital's earnings cease it may live on its principal. Directing officials usually strive to create a surplus upon which they may survive. Labor spends its earnings day by day and when wages cease want begins.

Organized labor should so conduct itself as to command the support of a fair-minded public. Every demand which questions the right, either of labor or capital, to control its own affairs without coercion or restraint, which questions the individual's right to complete control of his personal liberty, which makes his opportunity to secure employment conditional, or which limits his right to sell his labor, or the product of his labor, weakens the support of public sentiment.

Labor cannot secure its proper reward without organization. Capital and management must secure appropriate rewards in order to induce the enterprises which make employment possible. The starvation process of coercion by either of these elements does not, cannot, and should not receive public approval.

Justice cannot rest on a foundation of wrong. Justice for all elements of industrial prosperity is the goal to be sought.

Organized labor will succeed or fail in proportion to its recognition and adoption of those fundamental principles which support the right of every individual to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," without condition.



Some Rare Articles Used in World Trade

By C. E. SWANN.

FUZZ from deer horns, choice bristles from pigs' necks, gall stones from steers, human hair, dried beetles, cricket dust and beef blood are a few of the commodities mentioned in a bulletin from the National Geographic Society dealing with some strange commodities that enter into world trade.

Chinese fuzz collectors hunt young deer, scrape their newly sprouted horns for a fuzz-like substance and ship it to China-towns in many foreign countries, where the Orientals use the fuzz for medicinal purposes, says the bulletin.

In the mixed cargoes from Chinese ports, customs inspectors find cases of pig bristles, destined to foreign brush manufacturers; ground, dried crickets, a native Chinese medicine for cancer and fever; dried egg yolks and albumen which find their way into American and European confections, baked goods and medicines.

Down the Yangtze from remote parts of China sail native craft with cargoes of tung oil, an important ingredient of oilcloth and varnish that will not water stain; and sticklac, the sap of an oriental tree which is used by manufacturers of shellac and sealing wax. Human hair still is shipped from China to the United States, where it is treated and dyed, returned to China to be made into hairnets and reshipped to the United States.

China also receives some strange cargoes. Seaweed from the Asiatic coast is shipped to Chinese and other oriental ports, where it is prepared for fertilizer while some of it furnishes ingredients for glue. Gall stones from Argentina are popular as charms among some Chinese.

Chinese and Japanese importers purchase supplies of beche de mer, sea worms from the waters of the East Indies and Australia for palatable soup, while there is a steady trade among the people of the East Indies and those of the Asiatic continent in betel nut, the fruit of the betel palm, which is the chewing tobacco of the east. Betel nut chewing blackens the mouths of the many men, women and children of the Pacific islands and continental Asia.

Japanese chrysanthemums are bundled and shipped to many parts of the world and used in the manufacture of insecticides. Ethiopia adds to the strange list of commodities a liquid extracted from the civet cat which is used by perfume manufacturers. The Canary Islands contribute cochineal, little red bugs collected from cactus leaves. They are shipped to England and Germany and used in dye manufacturing.

Italy has a corner on the world supply of orris root, upon which many thousands of civilized ha-

bies have cut their first teeth, and there is a shortage in the supply of the commodity. Dragons' blood, a red resinous substance from an oriental palm tree, used in the United States and Europe to color varnish, is produced and exported by Siam.

Peru is the native home of the cinchona tree, from the bark of which quinine is produced, but Java now produces a large supply for export. The same ships that transport cinchona bark from Java carry cargoes of kapok, used in the United States and Europe as stuffing for pillows, cushions and life-saving apparatus.

Argentina is the source of about half of the United States' import of 10,000 tons of cattle blood, which is principally used in the manufacture of fertilizer. Brazil furnishes the world with large quantities of animal bones, bone dust, hoofs and horns for the manufacture of gelatine, glue and soap.

Human amusement is a boon to trade, particularly to the exporters of Mexican jumping beans. The small brown, pea-sized bean contains a worm. When the worm moves, so does the bean. Tons of jumping beans have been displayed and sold in the United States.

Although the United States lumber camps and sawmills furnish thousands of tons of sawdust, the demand for oatmeal wall paper, linoleum, bakelite, artificial wood and other products in which sawdust is used requires the importation of the commodity.



Will he over-reach himself?



"Food for Thought"

Month of November

WHEN the Roman Senate proposed that the name of the Emperor Tiberius be given to Novembris, the ninth month of the old Roman calendar, he declined with that innate modesty he possessed in the following words: "What will you do, Conscript Fathers, if you have thirteen Caesars?" You may recall that Julius Caesar and Augustus Caesar each had months named in their honor.

* * *

While four of our country's Presidents were born in the month of October, November goes it one better and claims five, as below:

November 2, 1795, James K. Polk, 11th President.

November 2, 1865, Warren G. Harding, 29th President.

November 19, 1831, James A. Garfield, 20th President.

November 23, 1804, Franklin Pierce, 14th President.

November 24, 1784, Zachary Taylor, 12th President.

* * *

Five states were admitted to the Union in November:

North and South Dakota on November 2, 1889.

Montana came in November 8, 1889.

Washington entered November 11, 1889, and Oklahoma November 16, 1907.

* * *

Other notable events past and to come are Election Day, November 7, 1933; Armistice Day, November 11, 1933; Thanksgiving, November 30, 1933; Treaty calling for Construction of the Canal across the Panama isthmus signed November 18, 1903; Washington's re-entry into New York upon the evacuation of British troops on November 25, 1783.

A Man's Thanksgiving

God of commonsense, I give Thee thanks for the heavy blows of pain that drive me back from perilous ways into harmony with the laws of my being; for stinging whips of hunger and cold that urge to bitter strivings and glorious achievement; for steepness and roughness of the way and staunch virtues gained by climbing over jagged rocks of hardship and stumbling through dark and pathless sloughs of discouragement; for the acid blight of failure that has burned out of me all thought of easy victory and toughened my sinews for fiercer battles and greater triumphs; for mistakes I have made, and the priceless lessons I have learned from them; for disillusion and disappointment that have cleared my vision and spurred my desire; for strong appetites and passions and the power they give when under pressure and control; for my imperfections that give me the keen delight of striving toward perfection.

God of common good and human brotherhood, I give Thee thanks for siren songs of temptation that lure and entangle and the understanding of other men they reveal; for the weaknesses and failings of my neighbors and the joy of lending a helping hand; for my own shortcomings, sorrows and loneliness, that give me a deeper sympathy for others; for ingratitude and misunderstanding and the gladness of service without other reward than self-expression.

—ARTHUR W. NEWCOMB.

A DISCERNING AND LOGICAL BROTHER!

"What's that you call your mule?"

"I call him Corporation."

"How did you come to give him such a name?"

"From studyin' de animal an' readin' de papahs. Dat mule get mo' blame an' abuse dan anyt'ing else in de township, an' he goes ahead havin' his own way jes' de same."

Bronze Medal Awarded Carbon Coal in 1893

THE accompanying pictures are of a bronze medal awarded The Union Pacific Coal Company for its exhibit of Carbon Coal at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, in 1893. The inscription on the obverse side is by C. E. Barber, the full length study of Christopher Columbus on the reverse by Augustus Saint Gaudens.

A few words about old Carbon may be appropriate at this time.

While the Union Pacific was being constructed, its Directors entered into an agreement with Cyrus

pany, organized by Mr. Wardell, with mines at Carbon, Rock Springs and Almy.

The late John A. Creighton, of Omaha, operated Mine No. 2 at Carbon, but due to considerable friction between his force and that of Wardell, the latter came into possession of the No. 2 Mining property.

Carbon coal was largely used as a locomotive fuel and much of the output too went to the commercial trade as far east as the Missouri River.

During the period of production of the Carbon mines, 1868 to 1902, there were mined 4,680,342 tons, the peak year being 1888 with 347,754 tons.

The store at Carbon was, in the pioneer days,



O. Godfrey and Thomas Wardell, of Hannibal and Bevier, Missouri, respectively, under which the latter parties were to open coal mines on railroad lands acquired from the government. Mr. Wardell, in July, 1868, arrived at Carbon with a number of men, together with his brother, Charles, William Hinton, Michael Quealy and others who filled positions of an official capacity, Mr. Hinton assuming the place of Mine Superintendent, Carbon, in 1869, later on moving to coal properties farther west along the newly constructed railroad, accompanied by Mr. Quealy, who was a brother of the Late P. J. Quealy of Kemmerer, Charles Wardell succeeding Hinton in the position thus left vacant.

Seven mines were developed and worked between 1868 and 1902, in many of which the coal had been exhausted, while others were abandoned for various reasons. The district is now referred to as a "ghost town", the only visible signs of former habitation being the crumbling, decadent walls of some of the miners' homes or other buildings.

The name of the first concern to produce coal at Carbon was the Wyoming Coal & Mining Com-

pany, operated by The Beckwith Commercial Company, being purchased by The Union Pacific Coal Company on August 1, 1892, and closed in May, 1902, upon the abandonment of the mining properties.

Early records of the Coal Department of the Railroad Company indicate that John Tompkins was the first Mine Superintendent at Carbon.

November

Hark you such sound as quivers? Kings will hear,
As Kings have heard, and tremble on their thrones;
The old will feel the weight of mossy stones;
The young alone will laugh and scoff at fear.
It is the tread of armies marching near,
From scarlet lands to lands forever pale;
It is a bugle dying down the gale;
Is the sudden gushing of a tear.
And it is hands that grope at ghostly doors;
And romp of spirit-children on the pave;
It is the tender sighing of the brave
Who fell, ah! long ago, in futile wars;
It is such sound as death; and, after all,
'Tis but the forest letting dead leaves fall.

—Mahlon Leonard Fisher.

Matt Medill's Fishing Luck Continues

Mine Superintendent Matt Medill (of Reliance) and party on Labor Day made a reconnaissance on the finny tribe near Boulder, Wyoming, and, the strings caught by the members, as shown in the accompanying photos, give mute evidence that "fishin' was good", as the trout weighed from four to six pounds each.



Bottom—Left to right: Fred Bradley, Mrs. M. Tronquet (Boulder, Wyo.), Jack Forbes.

Top—Left to right: Mrs. Fred Bradley, Fred Bradley, Miss Kate Medill, Tronquet children.

Radium in Wyoming

A SHORT time ago, following a flood which did a vast amount of damage in Denver and close-by territory caused by the breaking of a dam due to a cloudburst, search was made for some radium which "turned up missing", the property of a hospital at that point. It was learned that the lost rare metal was afterward located and turned over to its owner.

This item from the "Tycos" magazine gives one an idea of the tremendous value of radium:

RADIUM IS COSTLY

Radium is one of the few substances which have not declined in cost during recent years. This is unfortunate because of the great value of radium in the treatment of certain kinds of disease. For several years past, radium has been selling for about \$70,000 per gram. This means it costs about

\$2,660,000 an ounce. There are only a few ounces of radium in existence, with a total value estimated at \$17,000,000. The Memorial Hospital in New York City has radium valued at \$700,000.

In this connection, your paragrapher is taking the liberty of quoting a few excerpts from "Developed and Undeveloped Mineral Resources of Wyoming" (Dietz):

"It is not generally known that Wyoming is one of the three states in which radium ore has been mined in a highly profitable manner. Within the brief eight month interval between December 1918, and September 1919, the Lambert Ore Company and the Lorimer Minerals Corporation shipped from the old Silver Cliff Mine, that is situated within the City of Lusk, (Niobrara County, Wyoming) five carloads of radium ore, for which the total sum of \$33,857.48 was received."

A dispute arose over title to the ore-producing property and lengthy litigation followed, the matter tied up in the courts for a number of years resulting finally in a decision in favor of the original operating companies. When the titles were affirmed, it transpired that

"all of the radium supply of the world happened to be extracted from a single deposit in the Belgian Congo, Africa, the radium content of such deposit is ten times greater than the richest of known American ore bodies. As the extremely high cost of radium salts is entirely due to the necessity of mining and treating many thousands of tons of ore before a fraction of an ounce of the metal can be recovered, the owners of the rich foreign discovery lost no time in reducing the price of radium from \$120,000 to \$70,000 per gram. Had the highly unseasonable litigation at Lusk been delayed even a few months, Wyoming would have doubtlessly become the greatest producer of radium in America, as, in magnitude and quality, no deposit in the United States is superior to the Lusk ore body. The radium bearing mineral, URANOPHANE, appears as a yellowish green coating or incrustation on a quartzite gangue formation which completely fills a vertical fault zone that averages 200 feet in width along a North and South line for a distance of 1,700 feet."

"Since the Lusk exploitation," Mr. Dietz states, "radium bearing ore appearing in CARNOTITE was discovered on Casper Mountain about 8 miles south of Casper."

From statistics of the United States Geological Survey is gathered the information that Wyoming has also been a silver producer, and, strange as it may seem, that metal came from the Silver Cliff Mine at Lusk, mentioned in an earlier paragraph. This silver was in the native form.

Meyers: "So you decided to roll your own cigarettes?"

Mason: "Yeah, the doctor said I ought to take more exercise."

Obituary—Leonard Luoto

Leonard Luoto, a Driller in No. 4 Mine, Hanna, was injured October 6th by a fall of top coal in No. 10 Room, E dip, dying in the local hospital a few hours following the accident. Mr. Luoto was a native of Finland and leaves to mourn his untimely end a wife and two children. He had been in the employ of the Company for a period of 19 years.

The funeral was held at Hanna on Tuesday, October 10, several relatives from Rock Springs being in attendance.

Wi' a Hundred Pipers—Scottish

The old Scottish song reproduced below came to us a few days ago. The words and doubtless the tune, carries the gay insolence that marked the days of Border warfare, when the "hieldanders" were in the habit of slipping across the border, carrying back a few of the English cattle, these raids invariably followed by reprisal.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a'
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a'
We'll up an' gie them a blow, a blow,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a'
O it owre the Border awa' awa'
Its owre the Border awa' awa'
Will on we'll march to Carlisle Na!
Wi' its gages, its castle an' a' an' a'!

O wha is the foremost o' a'
O wha does follow the blaw, the blaw
Bonnie Charlie the Prince o' us' a' hurrah,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a'
His bonnet an feather he'd wav' on high
His prancin' steed just seems to fly,
The No' wind sweeps through his golden hair
An' the pibrochs blaw wi' an' unco flare.

The Esk was swollen sae red, sae red,
But side by side the brave lads keep
Twa thousand swam to fell English ground
And danced them dry to the pibroch's sound,
Dumfounded the English they saw, they saw,
Dumfounded they heard the blaw, the blaw!
Dumfounded they ran awa' awa'
Frae the hundred pipers an' a' an' a'.

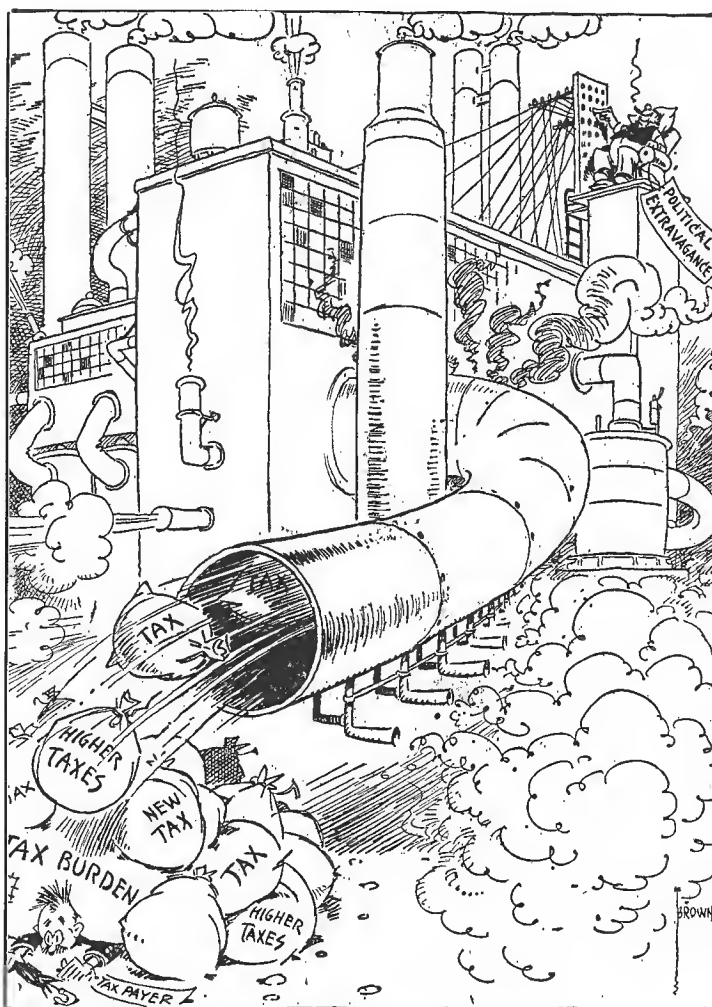
Some Facts About Thanksgiving Day

In 1621, after the Plymouth colonies had gathered their first harvest in America, Governor Bradford sent out four men to gather game so that the Puritans "might after a more special manner re-

joice together." This was their first harvest feast, but there is no evidence that there was any especial religious ceremony on this occasion. In July, 1623, an abundant rain followed a severe and protracted drouth, "for which mercie . . . they . . . set aparte a day of thanksgiving." In 1668 the first harvest thanksgiving proclamation was issued by the Plymouth authorities.

The observance of fast and thanksgiving days was common during the Revolution. After the establishment of the new government under the Constitution, President Washington issued the first presidential thanksgiving proclamation. The day specified was November 26, 1789. President Lincoln in 1864 set apart "the last Thursday in November" as a day of thanksgiving, and this date has been similarly proclaimed each year by his successors.

A "One-Man" Factory That Ought To Be Closed



Of Interest To Women

Modest Menu

FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

In glancing over past November issues of our Magazine, the writer noted that several menus were offered for the big occasion, and, not to be outdone, we are printing below our choice. If Turkey and "trimmin's" are out of the question, of course, duck, goose, or chicken may be substituted. We, respectfully, admonish those participating in this sumptuous spread to exercise will power and remember there are other meals to follow.

Celery
Stuffed Olives
Salted Almonds
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Roast Eden Valley Young Turkey
Oyster Dressing Cranberry Jelly
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Lima Beans
Mashed Potatoes
Mince Pie Apple Cider Pumpkin Pie
Mints Coffee

Some Choice Recipes

APPLE DUMPLINGS

Four apples, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 tablespoon butter.

Wash, peel and core apples. Boil rest of ingredients three minutes. Add apples. Cover and cook slowly seven minutes. Turn frequently to allow even cooking. Cool. Place apples in centers of dough circles. Pour thickened syrup in cavities of apples. Bring dough up and around apples and pinch in place to hold together. Prick with fork. Set in pan in which one-half cup of sugar has been boiling for two minutes with one-half cup of water. Bake thirty minutes in moderate oven.

CRUMB CAKE

One-half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon each of nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon. Set aside $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of this mixture. To the remainder add 1 egg, 2 tablespoons molasses, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 cup sour milk, 3 level teaspoons baking powder. Mix well and pour into a greased baking pan. Over the top sprinkle the reserved $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven for about a half hour. Makes a lovely cake for those who enjoy a sweet for breakfast.

SCALLOPED CLAMS

Two dozen clams, crumbled breadcrumbs, butter, salt and pepper. Cook the clams in their own juice for ten minutes, then put through the coarse knife of the grinder. Put a layer of breadcrumbs in a buttered casserole, then a layer of clams. Dot with butter and season with pepper and sparingly with salt. Repeat until material is used, then pour in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup strained clam juice. Brown in the oven and serve.

MUFFINS

One-fourth cup butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Cream, butter, add sugar and cream together. Add well-beaten egg. Sift flour and baking powder and add alternately with the milk. Bake in a moderate oven. These dainty muffins are attractive when baked in small-sized gem pans.

PRUNE AND NUT SANDWICHES

A lovely little sandwich for the salad course. Rub $\frac{1}{2}$ pound stewed prunes through a sieve and add to the pulp 1 cup finely chopped nuts, a pinch of salt and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Mix well and spread between thin slices of bread. Cut into fancy shapes.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS LYONNAISE

Saute 2 tablespoons finely minced onion in 2 tablespoons butter until a golden brown. Add 4 cups well-drained brussels sprouts and stir together for five minutes, letting the sprouts brown just the least bit. Good with broiled steak.

FRIED CUCUMBERS

Peel six small cucumbers and cut them in slices lengthwise. Dry each slice, dip in flour seasoned with salt and pepper and fry in butter until a golden brown. Delicious with the fish platter as an unusual entree.

Items Concerning Women the World Over

Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of United States Department of Labor, has received more than 2,000 panacea plans from citizens who are eager to help the nation.

Characterized as one of the best dog mushers in Alaska, Jane Sexton Jones was recently elected Queen of the Trail by the Pioneers of Alaska. She

is the daughter of the United States marshal at Nome.

Miss Gazella Wenrich, 18, of Baltimore, Md., who entered in a 50,000-meter national championship walk, attended a dance later the same day. She crossed the finish line of the thirty-one-mile marathon comparatively fresh and without a blister on either foot. She came in last, however.

The newest candidate for appointment to the municipal court of Philadelphia, Pa., is Miss Felice E. Darkow, who has been a member of the bar for the last ten years. If she is successful she will become the first woman jurist in Philadelphia and the second in the state.

There are only seven "real daughters" of soldiers in the revolution living in the United States. They are Mrs. Miriah Storts Allen, New Lexington, Ohio; Mrs. Angeling Loring Avery, Willimantic, Conn.; Mrs. Annie Knight Gregory, Williamsport, Pa.; Mrs. Caroline P. Randall, Greenfield, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Pool Newsom and Miss Sara Pool, sisters, Gibson, Ga., and Mrs. Mary P. Tillman, Berkeley, Calif.

Feminism is at last having its day in Spain. For the first time in Spanish history the names of all women over 23 are included in the lists of eligible voters.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, first flying mistress of the White House, in Washington, D. C., is a member of the United States Amateur Pilots' Association.

Mrs. C. I. Chester of Los Angeles, Calif., has taken the vows of a Buddhist nun. She will be known as a "Flower in the Tree Tops" in the Japanese cloister where she will shortly retire. As a child of 11, Mrs. Chester gained fame as a pianist, later going on the stage.

Miss Louise Hart is the youngest attorney in Columbus, Ga. She is 21 years of age and specializes in criminal law.

Among the prominent women in Washington, D. C., who have refrained from including their birth date on official records are Labor Secretary Frances Perkins, Senator Hattie Caraway of Arkansas, Representatives Florence P. Kahn of California, Mary Norton of New Jersey and Virginia Jenckes of Indiana.

Hints for the Busy Housewife

If the edge of a saucepan is well buttered, the contents will not boil over.

Beeswax mixed with salt will make a rusty flat-iron as smooth as glass.

Steel articles will polish quickly if they are rubbed with vinegar and then polished with a soft duster.

To discourage flies and moths, keep fresh cloves in small vases or in egg cups.

Cotton wool will go almost twice as far if it is slightly warmed before use.

When making starch, if a small piece of lard is dissolved in it when hot the iron will not stick.

Pianos should be opened up and brushed out at the bottom, and the keys cleaned with the bellows.

To freshen salt mackerel cover the fish with water and add one tablespoon of salt. Then soak over night.

Do not shell peas too long in advance of cooking. It kills their flavor.

If the junket has not set, try putting the dish in a bowl of hot water and let it stand a while. The milk may not have been hot enough and this method will remedy the difficulty.

If the rug has been cleaned poorly and is returned with the back softened so that it wrinkles, turn the rug on the wrong side and give the back a couple of coats of white shellac, allowing the first to dry before applying the second. It will stiffen up the fabric and cause the rug to lie flat on the floor.

It is nice to dry the skins of several oranges and lemons and then grate them and put in a glass bottle to be kept for flavoring purposes. It certainly saves time in the future and one is inclined to use these flavorings in interesting ways if already at hand.

When facing the hems of dresses for children, a bolt of muslin bandage comes in wonderful handy for the purpose. It is perfectly straight and even, comes in different widths and has been shrunk and just makes perfect facing for letdown hems.

To clean kitchen walls and woodwork thinly coated by grease from stove fumes, use a gallon of warm soap suds to which a tablespoon of kerosene has been added. Wash a small space at a time and then rinse with warm water and wipe dry at once. A sponge or soft cloth is suggested to use for washing and a soft lintless cloth for wiping. If the housewife goes over the kitchen once a month in this way, she will save much time, as the dirt is easily removed.

When delicate colors have been spoiled by the stains of acids, ammonia, being a strong alkali, will often restore the color.

Our Young Women

Hat Melange

BERETS of velvet, sheer woolens, or what have you, New York merchants report, are outselling other types.

More black hats have been sold than ever before, many of these varied by a touch of color in the trimmings.

Brown hats are not far behind, these being used to accompany sports costumes, etc.

Navy Blue is forthcoming, and will deck many a head before long, it is claimed.

Velvet hats will stage a healthy revival in the declining months of 1933 and old trunks and chests will be ransacked for feathers with which to trim the latest creations. Fur hats to match fur wraps are being called for in considerable numbers.

One milliner expresses the hat situation in the following terms: "Hats have emerged from the chrysalis stage of being just coverings for heads and may now be classed as the work of creators' hands."

Another advertises "Smart New Yorkers choose a little of everything in hats they are wearing," so we leave the momentous question in the hands of the dear ladies.

Dresses and Coats

For sports coats and suits, the word has gone out that the soft-textured tweeds are the mode, the fur coat or ensemble not being as popular as the type without fur. Many of the principal houses are showing lots of woolen ensembles in tweeds and novelty weaves.—Topcoats swaggering from the shoulders, or belted, worn over jacket costumes, the jacket terminating at the top of the hips or just over the hip-bones, often being double-breasted. Many of these ensembles are untrimmed, as far as fur is concerned, and suggest a mannish air, many of them set off by scarfs worn in Ascot fashion.

Taffeta still continues to hold sway for evening gowns, both for grown and juveniles. It is, too, used muchly for coat and jacket linings, which are a part of evening ensembles.

Girl Scouts

THE Girl Scouts organization has been busily engaged for several weeks past in arranging plans and activities for winter. The Executive Committee held a meeting recently and expect to announce before long several matters of interest. Mrs. James Libby is Commissioner, Mrs. Hubert

Webster, Assistant Commissioner, Mrs. S. S. Yahner, Treasurer, and Miss Anna Corneliusen, Secretary.

The initial Fall meeting of the Nightingales (Troop No. 6) was called at the Congregational Church Social Hall, twenty-five members being present. Miss Norma Young is Captain.

Mrs. Doyle Medus was appointed Captain of the Bluebirds, (Troop No. 3), vice Miss Anna Corneliusen, at a recent afternoon session at the Settlement House. It was decided that future meetings of this troop would be held in the new Recreation Hall of the Methodist Church, the younger members of the Bluebirds to continue their gatherings at the Settlement House.

The Nyodas and Young Wyoming troops will as in the past hold forth at No. 4 Community Hall, under Miss Corneliusen's direction.

Mrs. P. C. Nicolaysen, of Casper, for a long time prominent in Women's Club affairs, Girl Scouting and other pursuits, has just been elected Regional Representative of the National Girl Scout Board of Directors at their Convention recently held in Milwaukee. The organization embraces a membership of over 310,000. Her appointment is a fitting tribute for the valuable work she has done for so many years in behalf of Scouting and her large circle of friends in this community are much gratified with the selection.

National Girl Scout Week, October 28 to November 4, was duly observed by the girls of Rock Springs and surrounding towns, the subjects of membership and finances being brought particularly to the attention of all interested.

The calendar for the week was as follows:

October 28—Girl Scout benefit dance at Superior given by the Community Committee.

October 29—Girl Scouts attended their church services dressed in uniforms.

October 30—Hallowe'en Party for all Girl Scouts.

October 31—Scout publicity at schools.

Girl Scout singing and Dramatics at Junior High School Assembly.

November 1—Card party at the home of Mrs. John Park.

November 2—Publicity day. Girl Scout songs in front of Rialto Theatre, Rock Springs (between acts).

November 3—Girl Scout tea at Methodist Church, Rock Springs.

November 4—Girl Scout party at Winton.

Following is the personnel of Scout officers who had charge of the affairs of the week:

Mrs. James Libby, General Chairman; Mrs. Doyle Medus, Publicity Chairman; Mrs. John Park and Mrs. Robert Jolly, Committee for the card party; Mrs. A. H. Holmes, chairman for the Tea; Anna Corneliussen, Grace Shedden, Norma Young and Mrs. Angus Hatt were the committee for the Rock Springs Hallowe'en party.

The Nyodas, Troop No. 1, recently elected the following officers to carry on during the ensuing year:

Annie Sulenta, patrol leader; Susie Chokie, patrol leader; Annie Wilde, patrol leader; Flora Shiamanna, secretary; Helen Pyrich, assistant secretary.

Nyoda Troop No. 1 girls recently gave a miscellaneous shower in honor of Mrs. Ivy Burham (nee Ivy Knox), one of their former members. Games were played, refreshments served and the honoree was the recipient of many beautiful gifts.

It is the intention of the Nyoda girls to hold, some time during the month, a "charm school" at its various sessions. Those who have agreed to assist thereat, together with their subjects, are:

Care of the hair and skin: Miss Frances Gosar. How to dress becomingly: Mrs. Vernon Murray. How to set the table attractively: Miss Ruth Crocker. How to be a gracious hostess: Mrs. T. S. Taliaferro, Jr. Girls and their boy friends: Mrs. Frank Romish.

The mothers of the Girl Scouts have been invited to attend the course, and it looks like the evenings will be well spent with such attractive speakers and subjects.

Something About Shorthand

AUTHORITIES SAY THERE WAS A SYSTEM IN USE AMONG ANCIENT PEOPLE.

THE only new thing about stenography is the stenographer—occasionally. Most men who depend on the services of a "steno" are loathe to let her go if she has shown aptitude in understanding his dictation and becomes accustomed to trade names and terms. It's when they acquire this proficiency that they finally become old stenographers.

We generally go back to Isaac Pitman or Ben Pitman as the originators of short hand writing. In a modern sense, this is correct, but as a matter of priority it is far from being a fact.

IT WAS KNOWN B. C.

Shorthand writing was known and used by the ancients, and from them the science was acquired

and adapted with necessary modifications to harmonize with the current language by succeeding generations. Therefore, the world has had some sort of system of shorthand from about 63 years B. C. The demotic writing of the Egyptians was virtually shorthand, we are told by authorities, who are yet undecided whether ancient Hebrews and Greeks had a system. They are all agreed, however, that the history of shorthand begins not later than 63 B. C., when Marcus Tullius Tiro, a freedman of Cicero's, evolved the Tironian notes. They formed the apparently quite uniform basis of Roman shorthand writing, which continued with various corruptions well down into the middle ages, probably the 10th century.

MORE MODERN SYSTEM

The first known shorthand in England was in 1588 with Timothy Bright's quaint publication, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.

John Willis gets credit for the first workable alphabetical system.

Then came Isaac Pitman, who is generally regarded as the founder of the modern English method. This came 250 years after Bright introduced his system.

It was his system that Samuel Pepys used in making his entries in his famous diary.

The Gould system was the first published in the United States in 1820, dominated the succeeding generations, and after it came the Pitman system, only to be succeeded by the Gregg system, which still prevails.

HOPED IT WOULD BECOME UNIVERSAL

Sir Isaac Pitman invented his system in the hope that it would be universally used. While this hope was not realized, it soon became evident that there was a great demand for it in business and in courts. There are only three essential characteristics—brevity, legibility, and simplicity. Practically all obstacles have been overcome, but legibility and certainty of reading. These remain today the greatest weakness of the business office stenographer.

Acquisition of shorthand is rather a personal accomplishment. The stenographer who cannot read another's notes is the rule rather than the exception.

Stenography has been the stepping stone to big business for many men and women.

Getting More

Thanksgiving Day, I fear,
If one the solemn truth must touch,
Is celebrated, not so much
To thank the Lord for blessings o'er,
As for the sake of getting more!

—Will Carleton.

Of course when MacTavish bought the filling station down came the "free air" sign.

—≡≡≡ Our Little Folks ≡≡≡—

What Vehicles Were Sent?

An order had been received at a garage for automobiles for a party of fifty-nine. The manager had automobiles to seat nine and cabs to hold four, and he sent some of each, so that everyone had a seat and there was no seat vacant.

How did he do it?

ANSWER.—Try one automobile first. This will seat 9 and leave 50. There is not an exact number of 4's in 50, so that they could not be seated in cabs. Next try 2 automobiles. These will seat 18 and leave 41, which again cannot be seated in cabs. Next, 3 automobiles will seat 27 and leave 32. Now 8 cabs will seat exactly 32, so that the manager must have sent 3 automobiles and 8 cabs.

Biblical Bargain

The Sunday-school class had been reading the Bible narrative of Joseph and his brethren, and the minister had come to examine the scholars. The replies to all his questions had been quick, intelligent, and correct. Such as:

"What great crime did these sons of Jacob commit?"

"They sold their brother Joseph."

"Quite correct. And for how much?"

"Twenty pieces of silver."

"And what added to the cruelty and wickedness of these bad brothers?"

No answer.

"What made their treachery even more detestable and heinous?"

Up went a hand.

"Well, my little man?"

"Please, sir, they sold him too cheap."

Impatience

It was evening time in one of the Jacksonville, Florida, hospitals, and the nurse on duty in the children's ward was giving the little ones their last meal for the day.

All save one were patiently waiting their turn to be served, the one in question being a rosy-cheeked little convalescent, who was calling lustily for her portion.

"Aren't you just a little impatient, Dorothy?" asked the kindly nurse, with a tinge of correction in her tone.

"No, I'm not!" retorted Dorothy, promptly, "I'm a little she patient!"

One evening while Mr. and Mrs. A. were giving

a party the guests heard a patter of little feet on the stairs and a voice calling "Mama!" The hostess raised her hand for silence. The noise and chatter ceased. In the sudden quiet the youngest son of the house shouted lustily:

"Stop that darn racket so we can say our prayers."

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Slapping a half dollar on the desk, she said sharply, "What is that?"

Instantly a voice from the back row—"Tails!"

Five-year-old Daughter: "Look at that funny man across the street."

Mother: "What is he doing?"

Daughter: "He's sitting on the pavement talking to a banana skin."

Pumpkin Pie

Ah, on Thanksgiving Day, when from east and from west,

From north and south, come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees around
his board.

The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once
more,

And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled
before,

What moistens the lips and what brightens the
eye?

What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie.
—Whittier.

Ants as Weather Prophets

Ants seem to have an almost uncanny knowledge of coming rain. If the weather is going to keep fine you will notice that the little doorways into their nests are widely open.

Many hours in advance of a change the worker ants get busy carrying tiny sticks, small bits of leaves, and even wee stones, with which they proceed to block the doorways. Quite a lot are closed altogether, but just a few are left open, and these are fitted with miniature porches which will keep out the rain. Strangely enough the doorways that are left will be chiefly on the side of the nest which is away from the direction that the rain is likely to blow.

When the rain ceases, and the weather is going to be fine once more, the ants are soon hard at work opening up the doorways.

Boy Scout Activities

New Troop at Dines

Chester Roberts, District Scout Executive, Rock Springs, lately organized a Boy Scout troop at Dines. In the near future, it is stated that a Girls' organization will also be started there.

Donations to Scout Organizations

Chester Roberts, Boy Scout executive, Rock Springs, was agreeably surprised to receive recently a check for fifty dollars from Mr. Albert Walters, Assistant Cashier of the Rock Springs National Bank. A check for a similar amount was also delivered to the officials of the Girl Scouts organization. In explanation of the donation, Mr. Walters was appointed Administrator of the estate of the late Martin Winn, an old-time employee of the Gunn-Quealy Coal Company, at Quealy, whose death occurred in November, 1931, the will providing that the money should be left to worthy local objects.

News About All of Us

Rock Springs

Mrs. Evan Reese and children, of Winton, visited here at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert LaCroix.

Mr. and Mrs. George Parr are the proud parents of a baby daughter, born on Saturday, September 23, 1933. She has been named Dolores Rae.

Charles Shields is ill and confined to the Wyoming General Hospital.

Mrs. Frank Golob has returned from a visit with relatives in Chicago and other points in Illinois.

Mrs. John Plane of Firestone, Colorado, was called here by the illness of her mother, Mrs. George Carr.

Thomas LeMarr, Sr., is in Chicago, where he is attending the World's Fair.

Mrs. James Overy, Sr., and her daughter, Mrs. Jake McDonald, are visiting in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mrs. Hugh McLeod entertained at a luncheon on Thursday, October 5, in honor of Mrs. A. L. Searles of Geba, Wyoming.

John and Joe Sikich and Pete Broseghini have returned from a successful elk hunt in the Jackson Hole country.

Mrs. Thomas Armstrong has returned from Ogden, Utah, where she visited her mother, Mrs. Millie Hansen.

Mrs. John Goddard entertained the members of her sewing club on Tuesday, October 3.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Purdy, of Aberdeen, South Dakota, visited here with Mrs. Purdy's sister, Mrs. H. J. Arbogast.

Mr. and Mrs. John Katona are visiting with relatives in Superior, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Port J. Ward, of Superior, visited at the home of Edward Walsh.

Mr. and Mrs. Raino Matson visited at the William Daniels home at Winton.

Joseph Kudar is on a big game hunting trip in the north country.

Reliance

Mrs. James Sterling, who has been on the sick list, is now able to be up and around again.

Friends extend their sympathy to the bereaved of Alex Logan, whose death occurred from injuries received when he was thrown from a horse which he was riding. Especially does sympathy go to Mrs. Joe Miller, Dorothy Logan, and Grover Logan, who reside here.

Mrs. George Varanakis is a patient in the Wyoming General Hospital at Rock Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Reuter and sons and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bradley and David Lewis returned to Higbee, Missouri, where they will reside.

Mrs. William Booth, with May and Tom, of American Falls, Idaho, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Easton. Mrs. Booth is Mrs. Easton's mother.

Mrs. J. Traeger is confined to her home with an injury to her foot. Miss Teenie Korogi is housekeeping for her until she is able to be around again.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dupont are the proud parents of a baby girl born at the Wyoming General Hospital. The little one has been named Joy.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Baxter and family visited in Ogden, Utah, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sellers visited in Sweetwater recently.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fearn, of Dines, visited with the Joe Fearn family recently.

The Eastern Star Kensington met in Reliance at the Club House Saturday, October 14. Women members of Reliance presided as hostesses.

Mrs. Gilbert Ballantyne and sons, of Richmond, Utah, visited with friends and relatives in Reliance recently. Mr. and Mrs. Ballantyne at one time resided here. Mrs. Ballantyne will be remembered at Miss Millie Sturholm.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Harrigan and family were Dines visitors recently.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Murray and A. J. Bevola were Salt Lake visitors during the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Korogi are residing in the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. Reuter.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Walters, of Utah, visited at the J. E. Fuhrer home recently.

Mr. J. A. McPhie, of Rock Springs, was a Reliance visitor during the month.

Superior

Ruth Rebekah Lodge was represented at the Southwestern Wyoming District meeting at Evanston on September 12, 1933, by Mrs. Phoebe VanValkenberg, Mrs. Josephine O'Connell, Mrs. William Ferrell, Miss Mary Asiala and Miss Ingrid Sturholm.

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Oliver Bergren, a patient at the Wyoming General Hospital because of a broken ankle, has recovered sufficiently to return home.

Mrs. Malcolm McCuaig has returned to her home in Evanston, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morgan.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Moore are sporting a new Chevrolet Coupe.

Harry Armstrong, who recently underwent an operation at the Wyoming General Hospital, has recovered sufficiently to return to his work at the store.

Mrs. W. R. Matson and son, Dee, of Rock Springs, were week-end visitors at the home of Mrs. Matson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Applegate.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Lisher visited in Reliance, September 24, at the home of Mrs. Lisher's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Murray.

Mrs. E. Swanson has just returned from their ranch at Lander. She expects to spend the winter here.

Mr. T. H. Tremelling received word October 3 of the death of his brother, William. Funeral services were held at St. Charles, Idaho.

Mrs. A. Davis entertained the Thursday afternoon bridge club at her home on October 5.

Mr. Leonard Maki and Miss Anna Farnsworth were married at Rock Springs at the home of Judge D. G. Thomas. Mr. Thomas Sharp and Miss Grace Gillilan were married in Salt Lake City on Saturday, September 30. They will make their home in South Superior. The best wishes of their many friends are extended to the newly-weds.

Winton

The Community Council gave a very successful public card party during the month, a large crowd attending. First prizes were won by Mrs. Roy Jones and Dr. K. E. Krueger. A very tasty luncheon followed the card games and the balance of the evening was spent in old time dances.

Mrs. Earl Welsh underwent an operation at the hospital in Rock Springs the early part of the month and is recovering nicely at this writing.

Mr. Michael Finnan was elected as the Winton representative to attend the meeting in Rock Springs on matters concerning the N. R. A.

Miss Muriel Crawford and Miss Lillie Munroe were visitors at the Crawford home in Hanna, Wyoming, during the month.

The Winton Relief Society held its regular meeting at the Community House. The members each invited a friend and put on a program for the occasion.

A shower was given in honor of Mrs. James Henderson at the Community House during the early part of the month. 500 was played and Mrs. Bert Williams won first

prize. A nice lunch was served. Mrs. Henderson received some beautiful gifts.

Mrs. Hugh Gregory has returned home from the hospital in Rock Springs following an operation for appendicitis.

The Girl Scouts held a meeting recently to reorganize. Miss Muriel Crawford was elected president following the resignation of Mrs. Robert Jolly, who has moved to Rock Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Franch visited with relatives in Daniel, Wyoming, during the month.

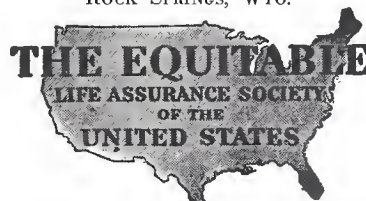
Mrs. Edward Morgan entertained at a shower in honor



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Rock Springs

of Mrs. Ted Jacobs of Rock Springs, Wyoming. Bridge was played and prizes were awarded to Mrs. H. C. Livingston, Mrs. Pete Sartoretto, and Mrs. A. Ward, all of Rock Springs. A lovely lunch was served and Mrs. Jacobs was the recipient of many gifts.

The Woman's Club held a very successful bake sale during the month.

Hanna

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Chadwick and family will leave for Fort Collins, Colorado, to reside permanently. Mr. Chadwick will go into the café business there.

Mrs. Joseph Briggs has issued invitations for a handkerchief shower to be given in honor of Mrs. Chadwick and her mother, Mrs. Morris.

Mrs. Thomas Dickinson is a patient at the Hanna Hospital having undergone a major operation.

Leonard Dexter, 14-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Dexter, is ill, having been confined to his bed for the past month and a half with rheumatic fever and heart trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lee and family motored to Laramie on October 8 to visit their son, John, Jr., who is attending the University.

The Pythian Sisters have been giving a series of delightful dances on Friday nights in the Community Hall. The funds are to be used to organize a drum and bugle corps. The results from the past four dances have been very gratifying.

Messrs. and Mesdames Henry Jones, F. E. Ford, F. Van Renterghem and daughters, Hugh Renny, Mrs. Fred Taylor, Messrs. Evan Jones, Lunsford, Ernest Matson, and Jack Pickup motored to Laramie on October 2 to visit the Knights of Pythias Lodge there, the occasion being the official visit of the Supreme Chancellor of the Pythian Lodge.

Miss Sylvia Mann, Winton, who is attending the Univer-

sity of Wyoming, spent a recent week end here visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Sharrer.

The wedding of Miss Hazel Lochart, grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Christian, and Roy Emonds, of Sheridan, was solemnized at the First Baptist Church of Hanna on September 19, at 8 P. M. The service was read by Rev. A. D. Wilson of the Methodist Church. Mrs. Amos Turner, cousin of the bride was maid of honor and Mr. Loyd Lochart, brother of the bride, was best man. Misses Dolly While and Dorothy Cook were bridesmaids and Evelyn Robinson was flower girl and Lavern Robinson ring bearer. Mr. and Mrs. Emonds will make their home in Sheridan.

Ted Wilkes Post No. 27 of The American Legion held installation of officers at the Community Hall on October 7. Officers installed were Henry Peterson, Post Commander, and L. T. Killion, Adjutant. Mr. A. L. Spenny, State Department Adjutant of Cheyenne, was present and gave an address.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones and daughter, and Mr. Jack Pickup motored to Cheyenne Saturday, October 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Williams and daughters, Dolly and Dorothy, of Ft. Collins, Colorado, were recent guests of the Charles Mellor family. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are Mrs. Mellor's uncle and aunt and were former residents of Hanna.

St. Marks Auxiliary met at the home of Mrs. Maynard Withrow, September 20, for a business and social meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fearn, Mr. and Mrs. George Penman, Sr., Mrs. George Penman, Jr., and Miss Thelma Penman motored to Denver September 29. Miss Thelma remained there to enter Barnes Business College.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fearn had as their guests for a few days their daughters and son-in-law, Miss Letha Fearn of Laramie and Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Evans of Roach, Colo.

The members of the St. Marks Auxiliary served a dinner at the Community Hall on Saturday, September 30.

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Mr. "Jake" Stuart, formerly employed in Mine No. 8 here, and who returned to Scotland a few years since, has taken unto himself a wife, having wedded Miss Mary Birrell of Crossgate, Fifeshire, Scotland, on September 1. Jake and his brother, Roderick, will be remembered as Pipers in the McAuliffe Kiltie Band.

Mr. John Duffy, of the Vice-President's staff, has recently conversed with two different parties in New Zealand via his short wave set and anxiously awaits the receipt of postal cards from them in confirmation of their talks.

Mr. I. N. Bayless, Assistant General Manager, and Miss Rose Marie Breher, were united in marriage at Rawlins on October 6th. Their many friends wish them much happiness.

Mr. Rudolph Menghini, a Rock Springs product, and for several years Pay Roll Clerk at Winton, has returned after an absence in Chicago of five years, where he has been pursuing his studies looking to improvement on his favorite instrument, the trombone. He was under the tutelage

of two of Chicago's best artists and his many friends are awaiting with interest the occasion when he may be heard here. Jim Sartoris is quite proud of his former pupil and tendered him a dinner recently when a number of music-loving acquaintances were present to enjoy Rudy's offerings.

Mr. Charles E. Swann and wife are back from Colorado Springs and vicinity after a short vacation.

Mr. Robert Muir, our former General Master Mechanic, accompanied by his wife, spent a few days in Rock Springs the latter part of September, enroute to Alberta and British Columbia. Bob reports the California weather has been unusually cool the past summer.

Mr. Vernon O. Murray, Safety Engineer, attended the annual meeting in Chicago of the National Safety Council and incidentally visited the Century of Progress exposition.

Mr. R. R. Knill, Supervisor of Ventilation, acted as a judge at the First Aid Contest at Provo, September 30, sponsored by the Utah-Nevada Safety Society in co-operation with the Provo Chamber of Commerce. The affair was very successfully conducted, twenty-two teams being represented.

Miss Mary Potochnik, Stenographer in Auditor's office, journeyed to Cleveland, Ohio, in September and was operated upon for the removal of a goitre which had proved to be a source of trouble to her well-being. Her many friends wish for a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. David V. Bell recently celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary with a dinner at which most of their children were in attendance.

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believably easy to drive, quick to respond.

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Not another car in the world gives you all the features you get in this new Dodge Six at this low price. And any car that doesn't have them is out-of-date—before you buy it! Prove it for yourself. Ask any Dodge dealer about the "Show-Down" Plan—a simple, easy way to compare cars. Shows you how little it costs to run a Dodge, too!

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H O W A R D ' S

Corner So. Front and C Streets
Rock Springs, Wyo.

—

Good Things to Eat

☞

The Best Place in the City.

HOLBROOK'S

G. H. HOLBROOK, Owner

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Men's Furnishings

*Full and Complete Line
Heavy Underwear*

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517 North Front Street

Rock Springs Floral Shop

Established 1921
MRS. J. S. SALMON, Proprietor

116 K Street Rock Springs

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Cut Flowers and Plants
For All Occasions

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Leading Florist of the District
GIVE US A CALL Phone 61

ROCK SPRINGS STEAM LAUNDRY

SMITH BROS., Props.

Rock Springs Phone 18

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Don't Go Into the Winter Without
Laundering Your Curtains and
Blankets, Rugs and Carpets

Recollections

DO YOU REMEMBER
when all the good furniture was
in the parlor and only used on
Sunday?

How different today. We have
good furniture in every room.
Every day is Sunday for use. It
receives more rough service in
six months than it formerly got
in ten years. This means we
should buy superior articles.

Our immense stock of

Inspect Our
Line Before
Purchasing

Living Room Sets
Bed Room Sets
Springs and Mattresses

are made to stand hard usage.
The quality is there—at the same
time our prices are very reasonable.

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY STORES

"Where your dollar is a Big Boy all the time"

Rock Springs

Reliance

Winton

Superior

Hanna